

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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By T. J. Flaherty

The Admirable Light

By Violet O'Connor

Marie Martha Chambon

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That Hold-up

The Right Slant on an Ugly Situation

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

In the mission section of this issue of THE SIGN, beginning on page 301, you will find two accounts of the recent hold-up of our Missionary Priests and Sisters by bandits.

However graphic the accounts, they cannot convey to us at this distance of time and place the feelings of the Missionaries when they found themselves at the mercy of the merciless outlaws.

One's first sentiments on reading the accounts might be expressed in such questions as "Why should our Priests and Sisters go into such a wild country?" "Why give their talents and, it may be, their very lives for a people who are so unworthy of them?" "Why should they not stay at home, where so much work is waiting to be done and where their efforts will be appreciated?"

But there is another side to the picture. You should remember that, at present, China is in the throes of a civil war, under cover of which the wildest passions are let loose. Besides, we have a few bandits ourselves. And the bandits in China no more represent the Chinese people than the East-side thugs represent the law-abiding citizens of New York.

Further, please don't overlook that young lad, Joseph. Notice him in the picture. As he eats his bit of rice, he is totally unconscious of having done anything very wonderful. Yet his fidelity and loyalty to the Priests and Sisters make him the hero of the hold-up. He is a type of what the Chinese can become when they are converted to Christ.

Neither the Priests nor the Sisters are in any way discouraged. They have had a startling experience. They are not living in a fools paradise, trying to convince themselves that there are no dangers when they are actually in the midst of dangers.

They have set out to do a mighty work for God. They are inspired by the broad vision of countless souls to be helped and saved, and neither men nor devils are going to stop them in following their glorious mission.

As for you and me, my dear Friends, let us not waste time in the expression of vain sympathy. Rather, let us pray hard that God's very special blessing will be with our Missionaries, and let us do what we can, in a material way, to assist them in their noble work.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. IV

FEBRUARY, 1925

No. 7

Current Fact and Comment

Anatole France Indexed

EVEN though your reading covers nothing more serious than the columns of the daily newspapers you were bound to be informed that in the passing of Anatole France the world of letters had lost an outstanding genius. You should have been aware that the book trade, according to custom, was inspiring all this adulation in an effort to clear its shelves of the works of a defunct writer. It is possible that some Catholics, impressed by the high valuation of the works of this writer, were annoyed to discover that all his books had been banned by the Index. But on due consideration annoyance will give place to greater esteem for that austere monitor of our faith and morals. Be assured that the span of life is too brief for the average reader to entertain himself with the works of those who wrote with as much grace, charm and humor as this condemned author without following him in the easy paths of scurrillity and sensuality. As the *Boston Pilot* observes, "the trail of the serpent was over all his writings."

If we seem to be giving precious space to the subject of this comment it is because of the possibility of its broader application. We should learn to suspect the sincerity of the appraisal of popular idols whose literary work has deserved reprobation by the Church. The good and silent people know that such reprobation is pronounced only after mature examination and to safeguard the real foundations of civilization and society.

That the author in question is being systematically overrated, we may infer from the remark of the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, "it is not easy to explain the growth of the Anatole France legend in England." Whereupon the *London Universe* makes this observation, useful because of its general import:

The only thing that could interest reasonable people in him—a certain extraordinary knack in his French style—was beyond the appreciation of any but those

quite familiar with the language. All the same, we do not look upon the growth of his "legend" here as extraordinary. It is a newspaper product. One has only to get a few prominent people like Mr. Gosse and Mr. Walkley to start a "stunt" in the papers, and all the half-educated who are afraid of not being "in the movement" will fall into line and fill the air with their second-hand adulations. And it is a distinct help if the person adulated is understood to be a purveyor of things offensive to morals and to religion. Had Paul Claudel been a Voltairean instead of a Christian, he, too, would have had a "legend" amongst us.

The lurid Voltairean trait of selfishness is exemplified in what there was of romance in this author's career. It was Madame de Caillavet who prepared and through all the years cultivated the social and intellectual soil in which his wierd genius came to fruition. In his extreme old age he wooed and won a young actress. His biographer refers to the ingratitude of the man for the patroness who had struggled so whole-heartedly to make him famous. The actress having contracted a cancerous disease, France very shortly married his housekeeper.

Modernists and The Cross

THE Modernists have an easy manner of reasoning. They are opportunists, but in applying the rule of accommodation where they find a variation between faith and science they presume that science affords the firmer foothold. It matters little that the history of science is mostly a record of theories enthusiastically adopted and quietly abandoned.

By its very nature the principle of accommodation affords much scope for versatility. Thus Dr. Fosdick, casting about for a seasonable subject for a Sunday sermon, selects The Cross. Immediately he applies the theory of adjustment to the attitude of Christians concerning the venerable instrument of our redemption:

All down through Christian history, wherever the message of the Cross has gone, it has brought with

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it new experiences, redemptive, transforming experiences, which inevitably have been carried up into the minds of men and there phrased in the ways of thinking of each generation as it came. As the Eskimo houses his family in igloos of snow and ice because they are materials at hand, while a tropic dweller houses his family in bamboo and palm-wood for the same reason, so each generation as it came along has housed, enshrined, formulated the experiences of the Christian with the Cross in terms of thinking peculiar to the time. The consequence we call theories of the Atonement.

There follows a review of these theories and then the modest implication that they were wrong, that the early Fathers, the medieval contemplatives, the later exegetes, all had variously misconceived the purpose of the Cross and the process of redemption. In their case environment warped the faculties. It remained for a modernist prophet in the 20th century to be the first to discover the real significance of the Cross and reveal it to mankind.

It is simply a matter of adjustment to modern proprieties. It is repugnant to modern thought to let a personal devil enter into the story of Redemption, to dwell upon the harrowing details of the Passion incidental to Christ becoming our Victim, to conceive of Him as a vicarious sufferer actually taking upon Him the guilt of helpless sinners or to consider the Cross as anything but an ordinary gibbet.

But you may take it as a symbol that your sins harm the innocent, a symbol of God's mercy in some vague manner easing the conscience unto salvation, a symbol of a bond, as the marriage ring is a symbol of cherished memories, a symbol that you may *glory* in and make it the pleasant theme of tuneful hymns.

Let a Christian choose between these two concepts of the Cross, the one that through all the centuries has fixed the gaze of the faithful on the *Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world*, the other a complacent notion formulated but yesterday in the soft library light of a New York parsonage.

The Catholic Medical Mission

THE apostolic spirit, or zeal for souls, that has inspired and directed so many vocations in our midst in recent years has reached into the Catholic medical profession and met with a remarkable response there. We should not be surprised at this generous response where faith and an intimate understanding of the ills and afflictions of humanity are habitually associated. The movement is the result of a familiar feature in the reports from the foreign mission fields. The way to the winning of many pagans' souls is through the healing of their bodily infirmities. There are vast

regions where the natives have no real defense against disease except what the missionaries provide.

To meet this need and opportunity there has been organized the Catholic Medical Mission of the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada. The ideal set before it is "personal service through self-sacrifice." The chairman, Dr. Paluel J. Flagg, is himself deeply inspired with that ideal. He reminds those in whatever manner associated with him in this charitable enterprise that the law of Providence applies to themselves and their institutions, that self-sacrifice will redound even in material blessings.

Members are kept informed about Catholic Medical Missions through the columns of *Hospital Progress*. Through this medium and otherwise activities are proposed to be acted upon by the members according to their circumstances. Each member is encouraged to determine upon a definite voluntary assistance to the medical apostolate by prayer, by material assistance or by personal service.

Peking Union Medical College

TO a certain extent the Catholic Medical Mission has an object for emulation in what Protestants have achieved through their auxiliary medical forces in China. We are quite aware, however, that much of that achievement has been due to the practical interest aroused among wealthy friends of the missions.

The record of their activities culminating in the \$5,000,000 Union Medical College at Peking is interesting and edifying. This college succeeded an older institution that was controlled by six cooperating missionary organizations. While the older institution had a staff composed entirely of missionary doctors, teachers and nurses, and strove to be primarily a positive Christian force, the new college stresses the scientific qualifications rather than the religious motives of its appointees.

This change of policy has led to the inquiry whether the present institution will "worthily wear the spiritual mantle of its earlier stage." The answer is assuring to those who favor upholding the highest ideals of Christian service. Thus the founder, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in his dedicatory address:

With the medical missionary boards which have been most zealous in the development of medical missions the Peking Union Medical College wishes at all times to be in most cordial co-operation. We are here to supplement, not to supplant, what they are doing. In fullest sympathy with the missionary spirit and purpose, we are desirous of furthering it as completely as may be consistent with the maintenance of the highest scientific standards in the medical school and the best service in the hospital. We would

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ever show respect for the genuine spiritual aspirations evidenced in service and sacrifice of all those who come within our doors whatever their views.... We have sought to bring together a medical faculty not only with the best scientific equipment but possessed at the same time of finest idealism.

We are informed that the majority of the heads of the nine teaching departments have seen missionary service in the Orient. Incidentally, it is revealed that of the one hundred living graduates of the older institutions fully thirty are now serving in mission hospitals. We are surprised that such a result should be considered gratifying, when we recall the equipment and the resources at hand.

In the record we note the recurring idea of service rather than sacrifice. The great College at Peking is described as almost palatial. The members of the staff are better paid than missionaries in general. Their furloughs come at more frequent intervals.

The Catholic Medical Mission approaches the task without huge subsidies but it brings a better guaranty of fruitage and success: "personal service through *self-sacrifice*."

Suspended Indulgences

ORDINARILY, indulgences are available every moment of the day. From the partial remission of punishment granted for the simplest aspiration to the plenary indulgence gained by the due performance of some more notable work of piety there is at our convenient disposal a ceaseless source of credit over against the penalties accumulating from our faults and frailties. But the law of familiarity in the midst of prodigality applies even here. Many fail to avail themselves of these treasures carefully and systematically because of a comfortable conviction that they are so ample and always available. Due appreciation of an advantage or a blessing long in our possession is most effectually restored by our being suddenly deprived of it.

In the ominous darkness that intervened when the moon screened off the glory and brightness of the sun the attention of all was effectually centred upon that beneficent member of our solar system. Men realized, as never before, that the sun was all-important to physical life and that without its radiant energy all life would disappear.

During the Holy Year non-pilgrims are confronted by an eclipse of indulgences. But the temporary withdrawal of these favors will be to our advantage if it result in our better appreciation of them and in our planning to make more careful use of them upon their restoration. This temporary deprivation will serve to revive our gratitude

to God as we are now reminded that His Mercy places at our disposal this bounteous source of pardon before we are finally confronted by His Justice.

We should note that the Holy Father has chosen not to suspend the indulgences granted for the daily recital of the Angelus and for attendance at the devotion of the Forty Hours. Forced to concentrate our efforts on the gaining of these we may really derive more spiritual profit than we ordinarily do from the largesse of pardon held out to us. Incidentally, we are reminded that the remission of the penalties due to sin is not the sole effect of indulgences. Inasmuch as the chief validating condition for gaining them is that we be in the state of grace it is plain that they are a direct inducement to habitual virtue. And, in the good work specified, we find the further purpose of fostering interest and devotion concerning the important truths of our religion. If by focusing our efforts to gain the indulgences still available devotion to the Incarnation, Passion and Resurrection of our Lord and to His real Presence in the Eucharist is notably stimulated in our hearts, this general suspension of indulgences will have been a real advantage.

The Klan in the Schismatic Stage

BECAUSE of its manifestly selfish purposes the disintegration of the Ku Klux Klan was easy to forecast. It could be specifically foretold that such disintegration would spring from internal dissension. No enduring bond of loyalty can be adjusted to warped and fanatical minds and save them from strife. And when such minds are embittered they cast discretion aside in their mutual incriminations. Thus the public has but to stand by and be authentically informed of the real character of this organization through charges and counter charges, not stopping even at murder.

In Indiana, where the organization flourished most vigorously, the most violent breach has occurred. Thousands have come out of the trance psychologically produced by the lure of being an "insider." A quarter of a million Hoosiers paid their klecktokens and have beheld an orgy of blackmail and of racial and political and religious antagonism.

Samuel T. Moore has been describing the aftermath in *The Independent*. The editors of that weekly selected Indiana for a survey of the Klan movement because it is a typical American commonwealth. We are informed:

On the financial side, the direct loss to the commonwealth was approximately \$4,000,000, the sum contri-

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buted to the order by gullible Hoosiers seeking membership. It benefited no one but transient salesmen, the Kleagles, and the gentry of the Invisible Empire. Between \$2,500,000 and \$3,000,000 was paid in kleck-tokens. The balance represents the profits on the regalia, which is merely loaned to the klansman and does not become his property at any time despite the fact that he pays five dollars for a piece of muslin costing approximately a dollar to manufacture. Purchase of flaming crosses and other lodge-room paraphernalia added many dollars to the imperial treasury at Atlanta.... The only possible economic advantage to the Hoosier State might have been in laundry soap.

It was inevitable that insurgency should arise out of the splitting of the enormous revenue. Those who have repudiated Imperial headquarters will maintain a degree of influence for a while as a result of recent success at the pools. But loyal Hoosier Klansmen are now numbered at 25,000. The cream is skimmed. Competing Klan organizations come too late. The Invisible Empire, with its lesser principalities in Indiana, is junked. Mr. Moore concludes:

Such is the aftermath of the Hoosier experiment with an invisible monarchical government retailing citizenship at ten dollars a head. The wake reveals some tragedy and tears. Nowhere is a trace of happiness found. The cost is computed in broken friendships, the loss of millions to the commonwealth, the obscuring of vital political issues. Animosity and hatreds profited no one but the Imperial Wizard and his satraps. How long it will be before these effects are wholly effaced is problematical. But as the Klan movement in Indiana collapses, all may see the visible effects of the rule of the Invisible Empire of the Knights of the Ku-Klux Klan (a Georgia corporation).

Evangelical Nerve

REV. F. C. GIBSON announces to the serried ranks of Evangelical missionaries that "if ever the time for Ireland's evangelization has come, it is now!" He writes about it in *The Life of Faith*:

The political upheaval of the past few years has shaken the life of the people to its very roots. It has created a restlessness in the minds of thousands which is disturbing the superstitious lethargy of ages... It has loosened the grip of the priest on the people to an extent that, ten years ago, would have been regarded as impossible. It has inculcated a sense of independence which threatens even the supremacy of the Papacy in Ireland. However Roman Catholicism may dread such a revolution; however great may be the possibilities of evil in it, nevertheless, so far from being unfavorable to Evangelical Christianity, it only gives to us the opportunity for which we have long prayed and for which we have earnestly waited... Never have the people shown a more liberal or tolerant spirit toward aggressive evangelism, whether it be in purchasing the Scriptures from our colporteurs or listening to the Gospel on the streets of Dublin or in the country fairs and markets.

His confrères appear to find nothing wrong with the Rev. Gibson's mentality. His observations are quoted with approval in their leading missionary

periodical. No normal mind could make such a statement of facts and draw such deductions without deliberate exaggeration. We might call it blind optimism; a weird sort of optimism under the spell of which a Christian minister would rejoice to know that the priests of Ireland were no longer revered by their people, that this people has severed their allegiance to the Holy Father and that they were abandoning the faith of their forefathers. In such an attitude there is palpably more hatred of Catholicism than there is love of God and zeal for souls, provided that the Rev. Gibson is otherwise in his right senses. There is no acute need for the Evangelical brand of Christianity among the most moral people in the world and it is contemptuous to call the faith that made them such a "superstitious lethargy." And the Rev. Gibson's colporteurs would be more usefully employed barring from Ireland the stream of agnostic and immoral literature from its prolific source in Protestant England.

Entering upon Lent

A POPULAR monthly gives this queer turn to a familiar moral axiom, "The deliberate casting out of a single bosom sin is equivalent to a liberal education." Thus, where there is question of improvement and reformation, we find concentration of effort duly recognized. It is a practical and seasonable recommendation for Lent that we undertake the overcoming of our predominant fault. Should we be in doubt which fault to concentrate upon, we might choose the one that is most frequently noticed in us by others and that causes them the greatest disedification, pain or annoyance.

Thus, incidentally, we shall strike at the root of many domestic misunderstandings. These are bound to recur when individuals do not recognize the necessity of practising patience and forbearance. Joly remarks that the contemporary Saints, Francis of Assisi and Dominic, Bonaventure and Thomas Aquinas, never fell into misunderstandings or controversies, never opposed each other. If Bossuet and Fenelon had been Saints as well as great bishops and geniuses, instead of writing against each other, they would have felt impelled to meet in some lonely retreat, in order that one might gain from the other what he lacked in himself.

In other words, if our predominant fault is quarrelsomeness, we must inquire as to the causes of it and learn the need of overlooking the faults and mean dispositions of our neighbor, of judging him mercifully. Only with such a fundamental and habitual attitude of mind shall we succeed in controlling our temper and in suppressing the angry retort under sudden provocation.

The Holy Year

Its Meaning: Its Legislation: Its Spirit

By KENAN CAREY, C. P.



FEW weeks ago, our newspapers gave detailed accounts of the opening, by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, of the Holy Door in St. Peter's at Rome. This solemn ceremony, which took place on Christmas Eve, signalized the beginning of the Holy Year, or Year of Jubilee, for the Catholic Church throughout the world. It would be a pity if we Catholics know no more about this great anniversary than what our secular papers have told us in mere news items.

This present year of Jubilee is the twenty-second to be celebrated in the history of the Church. The custom of having such a Holy Year began with Pope Boniface VIII in 1300. He ordained that this kind of celebration should take place at the beginning of each century thereafter. But the Pontiffs who succeeded him shortened the interval between the Holy Years to fifty and, finally, to twenty-five years.

The purpose of the Jubilee, in the words of Pope Boniface, is to give to the faithful "great remissions and indulgences for sins," particularly by the extraordinary Jubilee Plenary Indulgence. This purpose, indicated by the prayer above, is represented by the ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door—a figure of the throwing-wide the door of the Church's spiritual treasure-house.

Together with this purpose, however, the intention of the Jubilee is to draw the children of the Church around their common father, if possible in Rome itself, and to have them pray for his special Jubilee intentions.

We might say that the year of Jubilee is a year of unusual spiritual activity for the entire Catholic world. We might say better that it is a year of spiritual retreat for all the faithful, with the holy city of Rome as the retreat-house.

With reference to gaining the great Plenary Indulgence of the Jubilee, the Catholic world

might be divided into three parts: first, those Catholics who are to make the pilgrimage to Rome and thus to gain the Indulgence; second, those who are to be allowed to gain the Indulgence without going to Rome; and, third, those who cannot gain the Indulgence until it shall be extended to the entire world in 1926.

All Catholics, who can possibly make the pilgrimage to Rome, are exhorted to spare no effort or expense to do so during this year, 1925. Moreover, the Holy Father asks them to make the journey, not as mere tourists in the spirit of holiday

sightseers, but as real pilgrims and in a spirit of penance. To such pilgrims the Supreme Pontiff addresses these words: "In the course of this Holy Year We grant and impart, in the Lord, fullest indulgence, remission and pardon of their sins to all the faithful of either sex, who, having confessed and received Communion, shall visit piously the basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major at least once in the day.... for at

"O God, Who by Thy servant Moses didst institute a year of Jubilee for Thy people of Israel, grant to us Thy servants a happy commencement to this Jubilee instituted by Thy authority, in which Thou willest this door to be opened for Thy people to offer prayers to Thy Majesty, so that having obtained in it pardon and full remission of all our offenses, when the day of our summons arrives, we may be found worthy to share Thy glory by the gift of Thy mercy." (Prayer of the Pope at the opening of the Holy Door.)

least ten days, and pray for Our intention."

The Catholics who may gain the greatest Jubilee Indulgence without making the pilgrimage to Rome, include nuns and sisters, with their novices, postulants, pupils and others who live in their convents; girls and woman living in colleges or schools; those serving the sick in steady employment; workingmen who cannot get away from their labor long enough to make the journey; invalids; those over seventy years of age; and prisoners. All these, to gain the Jubilee Indulgence, must receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion, pray for the Pope's intention, and perform whatever other good works their confessor may impose upon them. When these persons make their confession for the Jubilee, their confessors receive, for their benefit, very extraordinary powers over sins, censures and vows that usually are reserved to higher authority. They may gain

THE † SIGN

the Indulgence, however, only *twice* during the year, while pilgrims to Rome may gain it as often as they perform the required conditions.

NOW, what about those of us who cannot go to Rome, and who at the same time are not listed among the classes excused from making the pilgrimage?

At first sight, it may seem that, with regard to indulgences, Jubilee Year for us will be, not a year of plenty, but a year of want. Obviously, we cannot gain the great Jubilee Plenary Indulgence. Moreover, almost all the indulgences that we can gain ordinarily, will be denied to us during 1925. Is it not unfair that simply because we have neither the time nor the money necessary to make the pilgrimage to Rome, we should be shut off not only from the Jubilee, but also from almost all other indulgences? Let us see.

First of all, we must know that the great purpose of cutting off these indulgences from the Catholic world outside of Rome during Jubilee Year is not to deprive us of any graces, but to induce all of us who can possibly do so, to go to Rome where all these blessings will be given most lavishly. During the Holy Year, Mother Church wishes millions of her children to come into personal contact with the Vicar of their Lord; she wants them to realize by personal experience at Rome the divineness of that one Faith which alone can bring together, as children of the same father, representatives of every nation under the sun.

Besides, for the sake of those of us who cannot make the journey to the Eternal City and cannot gain the Jubilee Indulgence at home, Pope Pius in all probability, will extend the great Indulgence and other privileges of the Holy Year to the entire world in 1926. So, after all, we are not cut off altogether from these blessings. We simply must wait one year for them. We might die during 1925? True. But then we can gain the plenary indulgence given to the dying, because this is one of the few indulgences that are not denied to us during the Jubilee. Another very important fact to be borne in mind with regard to the other indulgences held in abeyance during 1925 is, that we still can gain any and all of them for the Poor Souls in Purgatory. And indulgences applied to the Poor Souls are not lost, by any means. *In fact, it would be a very good plan to offer up now for the Souls in Purgatory all the indulgences that we many gain during this year.*

Thus you see that we "stay-at-homes" are not being treated unfairly. Indeed, although we may not be able to go to Rome, we can, and according to the intention of Holy Mother Church, must

enter into the spirit of the Jubilee, and thus gain very great graces for ourselves. This we should do by following in spirit to Rome our pilgrim brothers and sisters, by uniting our minds and hearts to them and to our Holy Father, by imitating them in their confessions and communions, and finally by praying with them for the special Jubilee intentions of Pope Pius XI.

The intentions of the Supreme Pontiff are three: first, that peace be restored to the whole world, "not so much the peace written in treaties as that impressed on souls;" second, that all non-Catholics may seek refuge in the true Church of Christ; third, that the affairs of Palestine may be settled in a manner consistent with the most inviolable rights to the Catholic religion.

STRANGE how these intentions concerning the peace of the world, unity in religion, and the care of the Holy Land reëcho down to us from the first Jubilee of Boniface in 1300, from those days of strife and heresy and the great Crusades to the Holy Land. Strange how they reëcho down to us from Christ Himself, from His prayer at the Last Supper for peace and unity among His children, from His last hallowing of Palestine as He ascended into heaven from the Mount of Olives.

If we would try to realize only a little part of all that lies hidden behind these three intentions of the Holy Father! Then, indeed, we would enter into the spirit of Jubilee Year. If, in praying for the fulfilment of these intentions, we would but ponder over their meaning! Then, surely, we should feel something of the thrill of religious exultation that will come to the Catholic pilgrim in Rome, when he is made to realize, as never before, that he is a living member of that great Church of Christ which, in a world wearied by bloodshed and religious dissensions and attacks upon Christ, can gather together from all parts of the world millions of souls—representatives of those three hundred millions, who are children of the same common father, whose religious faith is, as it has been for 1900 years, absolutely one, and who are ready to give their lives, as their forefathers gave theirs, to keep hallowed the land sanctified by the touch of their Divine Lord.

World peace! Religious unity! A deep love for everything connected with Jesus Christ! These are the blessings we are to ask from God during the Holy Year. And, as we turn toward our common father, in Rome, let us pray that the poor old world will realize that it has lost these three great blessings of God because it has turned away from His Vicar an earth, that *Rock* which is the only centre

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of world-peace and Christian unity and the love of Jesus Christ.

WORLD PEACE! If only the peoples of

Europe would open their eyes to see how they have lost all peace simply because they have broken away from that Prince of Peace who once was their common father and adviser, and who led them from paganism and barbarism into the light of the late Middle Ages. If only they would understand how, since they have apostatized from him, their history has been nothing but a bloody, sordid chronicle of internecine warfare, of greed and hate, of chicanery and robbery and the Iron Heel, culminating in the recent debacle, which has left their once great Christian family a miserable, despairing, chaotic mob. If only they would learn from the recent farces of their "Peace Councils" that without the Vicar of Christ as supreme arbiter, peace is a chimera! He alone among Rulers is swayed by no national or political motives, he alone is supranational, because he is the common father of all Christians, answerable for his charge of them to God Himself, Who has placed him over them as their spiritual head. If only they would realize that, as the great Protestant Leibnitz wrote, "this tribunal of Christ, established over the governments of Europe, would bring back the golden age." If only they would remember how the celebrated English minister, the elder Pitt, declared that "the Pope is the only bond of union who could unite all Europe once more." If they would but be convinced that, as Hilaire Belloc has said, "Europe will return to him, or Europe will perish."

RELIGIOUS UNITY! God grant that Christians out-side the Church may realize during this Jubilee Year, how they are floundering helplessly and hopelessly in the maelstrom of religious scepti-

cism and religious chaos simply because they have thrown themselves from the Bark of the Fisherman. God grant that they understand their plight as they behold the ineffectual attempts of their innumerable sects to unite, as they hear the modernistic, heretical teachings of their own ministers. God grant that this Jubilee may be the means of saving multitudes from the vortex of atheism into which Protestantism is being drawn with ever-increasing velocity.

A DEEP, personal love for the Holy Land and for everything connected with Christ.

May the Christian world outside the Church remark the sad and significant fact that, while the Mystical Bride of Christ sends forth a world-wide appeal for a crusade of prayers to keep hallowed the land sanctified by her Divine Lover, just as centuries ago she sent forth the call for a crusade of arms to save that same Holy Land,—men outside her pale, recognized as "Leaders in Christian thought," are denying the very Divinity of the Son of God.

1925 is intended to be a year of rich blessings not only for us Catholics but for the entire world. It will be so, if only we all try to do our little share. If we can possibly get to Rome, by all means let us go. If we can make the Jubilee at home, remember that we can gain the Great Indulgence twice during the year. If we are barred from all this until 1926, let us bear in mind that we still are supposed to enter into the spirit of the Holy Father and that by praying for his intentions.

The Holy Door of the spiritual treasure-house of the Church has been flung wide for this year of the Jubilee. Within are infinite riches of grace for ourselves, for the Poor Souls, for the Church on earth, for the whole world. All these treasures were won for us by Christ Crucified. Every one that we use will bring added glory to Him.

The Two Masters

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

God is so good—(yet Mammon is not bad)
'Tis nice to honor God—(to some degree)
He owneth Heaven and Hell; care must be had
Lest one should make of Him an enemy.

This God somehow we must keep on our side,
He promises such future happiness;
But Mammon gives his joys ere we have died—
No harm to serve them both—(God more or less).

An easy master is this Mammon god—
O foolish heart that traffickest in sin!
Thy Mammon stripes his courtiers with his rod,
And then doth flouted God His wrath begin.

To serve Thee, God! Let come the sacrifice
Of greedy gods that lure with transient bliss.
Am I a fool to barter Paradise
When Mammon Judas cometh with a kiss?

Characteristics

By ETHEL KING



RS. CROSBY paused on the way out of her pleasant home. Her slim gray gloved fingers were wrestling with the catch on her purse. No use! It wouldn't hold. It was broken somewhere. She must stop in at the jeweler's and have it fixed. She looked at the bag with mingled annoyance and admiration. It was really a beautiful thing, beaded in those soft shades of rose and mauve and tan. Alice Hayward had brought it over to her from the other side the year before. Yes, she must have it mended.....

In the room beyond, the telephone rang, shrill, insistent. Mrs. Crosby's smooth, matronly face lifted with almost girlish expectancy. That must be Mrs. Ballantine on the wire now. She *hadn't* forgotten to telephone after all! How nice to be in when she called. It would be about the Bazar, of course. Really very important.

With a flurried, excited squeeze Mrs. Crosby placed her purse on a small satin wood table in the hall and hurried into the next room to answer the telephone.

Let alone there on the table the bag would not stay shut. The mouth of it flew open with a wicked little snap and a good-sized roll of bills, crisp and new, sprang into view and slowly uncurled themselves.

Joe Dollard swung down the stairs at this moment, on his shoulder a bundle of plumber's tools that protruded through their black oil cloth case. He was a youngish man in loose rough clothing. On his head slanted an old brown cap pushed far enough back to show his pompadour, a mop of dark wavy hair. His keen roving eyes took in everything—yes, most certainly the bag a-gape with its lure of green and yellow bills.

JOE DOLLARD'S face was mean and hard and it grew a shade meaner and harder as his stealthy footsteps drew him over toward this treasure.

From the room within came Mrs. Crosby's voice as she chatted over the telephone. Anyone could understand that she was very much interested in what she was saying and hearing, all wrapped up in the subject of patronesses and tickets and programs and what not.

Joe Dollard's eyes narrowed. In fact one closed up completely as he grinned to himself. Well, here was luck, he'd tell the world! Money right at

his hand when he wanted it most! Broke, dead broke, that's what he was. Joe wasn't a plumber at all, but an engineer on a steamer, now on shore duty. He'd spent all his pay at one wild dash. That's why he had taken this temporary job with an emergency plumber, had been sent up to the Crosby home that morning to attend to a leaky water pipe..... And now, why, say.... all he'd have to do was to pick up that wad and skip! No one knew anything about him, where he'd come from nor where he was going. He'd seen to that when he'd engaged service with the boss plumber.

Joe's big blackened fingers closed over the bag. This was going to be a nice safe job. He liked safe jobs. No use getting mixed up with the law. No, no.....

The door bell rang. Joe dropped the bag and stiffened. He could hear one of the maids coming up from the basement. He was frightened. He hitched his plumber's tools over his shoulder. Better take no chances. No use getting mixed up with the law. He opened the hall door and without a look at the young woman who stood there he ran hastily down the steps.

Miss Jervis entered and closed the door after her. "That's all right, Mary," she called to a young girl whose head rose over the top of the stairs in the rear, "Don't bother to come up. A man going out, a plumber I think, let me in." Mary nodded with cheerful good nature and disappeared below.

MISS JERVIS walked over to the hall table and resting her worn black Boston bag on it fumbled therein. She drew out a pair of spectacles and put them on. She could hear Mrs. Crosby's animated conversation over the phone in the further room. Miss Jervis sighed as she searched through her portmanteau to see if she had all her paraphernalia with her. Yes, there were her needles and emery and tape measure and pins. Yes, everything a careful seamstress could need. Now, all she would have to do would be to trudge up to the sewing room, that little back room on the third floor, and busy herself there all day. It was March. As soon as the Bazar was over Mrs. Crosby would be off on a trip. Yes, Miss Jervis warned herself, she's better get to it. There was plenty of sewing to be done.

She gathered up her kit with scant enthusiasm and as she did so her red strained eyes fell upon the beaded purse on the table, the purse with all that

money bulging out of it. So much money, all clean and new. Miss Jervis shivered. She wondered what sum lay there before her. With her pale eyes she tried to peer among the bills, to count them.

Why, maybe there was *more* than three hundred dollars there! Well, three hundred dollars would be enough for her. She had saved two hundred. That two hundred had come hard and slow. Why, it would take her a year, over a year maybe, to get three hundred more. A year might be too late! Yes, five hundred dollars would be needed for the operation anyway. . . . Would it do Margie any good? The Doctor was sure, *sure* it would. . . . As Miss Jervis stood there in the hallway she slipped into a beautiful future. . . . Her sister Margie well, able to take care of herself. And she, Minnie Jervis, a free woman with only her own livelihood to make, no longer a harried distraught creature, every nerve drawn to keep them both going. . . .

Now she was back in the present, and her whole being yearned for that money in front of her. Why, it would be the simplest thing in the world to take it. No one would suspect her, Miss Minnie Jervis. She'd always been such a quiet respectable young girl. And now a quiet respectable middle aged woman. And soon. . . . a quiet. . . old. . . woman. . . .

She could hear Mrs. Crosby still intent on her telephone message. The faded creature stretched out her needle-pricked fingers. They barely grazed the edges of the gaudy greenbacks when she started back with a little moan.

Now she knew! Now she was awake! It would be stealing, stealing. She, Minnie Jervis, would be a thief! Her cold lips framed the horrible word after it had stamped itself on her mind. A thief! What would Margie think of her? What would she think of herself? What would. . . . God think of her?

She shoved the tempting purse away from her with a shudder. Ugh! With her own shabby bag under her arm she made her way up the stair toward the workroom as fast as her shaky legs could carry her. She wanted to get as far away as possible from that dreadful money. The thought of it made her sick. She hated it. She hated herself.

MRS. WOODS came through the hall with her mop and broom. She glanced up the stairs after the fleeing Miss Jervis. Annie Woods' thought about her was, "The poor quiet steady thing. She has to work hard." She could hear Mrs. Crosby's voice busy about the Bazar over the telephone and Annie smiled indulgently, "It's well *she* has something to think about. Since that Fair

has taken hold of her she's forgotten about her rheumatism entirely."

Then as Annie moved along the hall she saw on the table the beaded bag with its money that would not be concealed. Annie was given to exclamations, even to bits of audible conversation with herself as she toiled.

"Well, well!" she now declared with a frown of reproof on her round patient face, "It's very careless of Mrs. Crosby to let her purse lay around like that! I'll give her a talking-to about it when I see her. If some folks had to work hard for their money now. . . ."

She stopped and fell into thought, a dismal kind of thought too, from the way it drew her mouth down. Her mind was on her boy Tom, Tom that liked to hang about street corners. But he wasn't at all what some people called him, a loafer. How dare they? He was nothing of the kind. He. . . he was delicate, always had been from a little lad. Maybe that fall he'd had. . . .

Annie Woods' mop dug into the floor as troublesome memories came back to her. It would be nice if Tom would work now and then, bring in a little extra money. The old man was worse every day, more childish. She wondered how long it would be safe to leave him alone. He might harm himself somehow. Maybe she'd have to put him away. . . . Her old husband! And how long could she hold out herself? Some mornings now she was so stiff she thought she never could get out to her work.

In her steady press down the hall she reached the door. She opened it to let out the dust and a light glittering March sunlight flooded in on her. All the wholesomeness of her nature rushed to meet it, sweeping away her morbid conjectures.

"Sure most of the things we worry about don't happen at all. Never was a truer word spoken than that, never. I'm an old fool not to be satisfied with *to-day*."

MRS. CROSBY hung up the receiver. She came away from the telephone and out into the hall buttoning her gloves, an elated woman. Such a long confidential chat with Mrs. Ballantine. Yes, people of distinction were beginning to recognize her ability. Some catty women had hinted the reason she, Louisa Crosby, had been sought after lately to help in the big Bazar was because her husband had made so much money. The ideal! It was sheer nonsense!

There was Annie by the open door. "Oh, good morning, Annie!" she called out with greater cordiality than usual. Mrs. Crosby was at peace with the world.

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The older woman faced her. "Mrs. Crosby," she said, a red finger directed at the table, "you've left your bag a-lying there. You'd ought to be more careful." She was only a woman that came in to work by the day, a married woman, and she was aware she could be more familiar, more severe than the ordinary house servant.

Mrs. Crosby picked up the purse. "You're quite right, Annie. It was very stupid of me. It's broken too. I must have it mended." She was trying to keep her thoughts down to every-day things and it was difficult after that very flattering

talk with Mrs. Ballantine. Still she could do it. Yes, Louisa Crosby was a woman of ability. She had herself well in hand, could attend to many matters at once. Why, even now she remembered to say as she went out, "Oh, Annie, tell Mary, will you, I will be busy downtown all day about the Bazar. I'm going to have lunch with Mrs. Ballantine. If Mr. Crosby should come home, say to him I'll be back for dinner."

"Yes, m'm," Annie assented as she picked up her mop and broom and moved slowly on her flat feet toward the back of the house.

Birgitta At Vadstena

By THOMAS WALSH

BIRGITTA of Sweden (1302-1373), the Founder of the Order of San Salvador, known as The Brigettines, was the daughter and wife of royal princes. Left a widow with a large family, she retired to Rome and devoted herself to charity and prayer. She has left detailed accounts of many spiritual visitations, and a reputation for great holiness, which resulted in her canonization in 1391. Her daughter, Saint Katerina, the second abbess, established at Vadstena on Lake Vettern the monastery from which radiated the first light of continental learning over Sweden.

Birgitta—from your heaven of scribe and saint—
Look down on lovely Vadstena once more;
Here where they quenched your sanctuary lore
And prayers and anthems from your oak-groves faint;
Shade your clear eyes, with Perfect Light acquaint,
And muse upon the Vettern's silvered shore,
Where you were hallowed in the days of yore,—
Where never yet your glory suffered taint.
Blotted to earth the cloisters and the spires;
Dark at your shrine the tapers and the fires;
But down these paths the breezes whisper soft
Of that vast song your bosom raised aloft;
Here are a thousand birds whose nestlings sing
Echoes of that eternal glorying.

The castle looks upon the Vettern's stream,
Stately and fair from out a later age,
Proud of a beauty that is heritage
Of distant Rome; here drowsy bees may dream
On silenced wars and sunset windows gleam
For battles Gustav-Adolph once did wage;
Yet still, Birgitta, on your silver page
Peace—Peace divine, remains the only theme.
Where are the Vasas—Where the grand Christine—
Their pomps and rumors?—Vanished from the glass
Like ghost reflections that have scarcely been!
Your dream, Birgitta, nevermore shall pass
But deathless live in peace and love serene,
Though Time corrodes and night-winds sigh Alas.

Vadstena, Sweden, June, 1924.

Montmartre

The National Basilica of the Sacred Heart

(CONCLUDED)

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

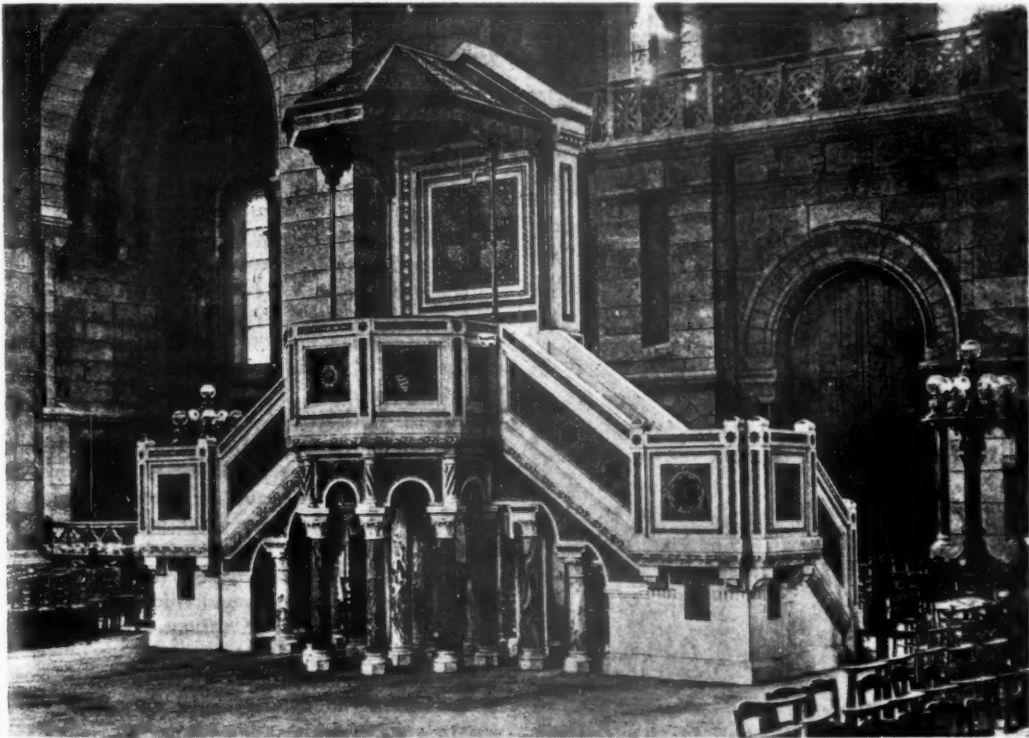


WE must return for a moment to the chapels, as many of them are of the greatest interest and superbly decorated. The two at the foot of the side aisles are known as the Army and Navy chapels, each sacred to one of the branches of service and erected with contributions from the same. It seems eminently fitting that the army and navy should stand guard at the door of the King's House.

The first chapel is dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel and to St. Joan of Arc. Architecturally it offers the same features as the rest of the chapels, namely the opening arch on piers with columns of rare marble inset; a barrel vault, ribbed and ornamented; three narrow, high windows in the back

wall, the central one higher than the others, and all arched and filled with rich stained glass; finally the altar and communion rail of combined marble and wrought metals. These details are common to all the chapels, but each one is differently decorated, designed usually by a different artificer, special to a given group of persons, and inspired by the ideal of that particular group.

The feeling of patriotism that causes two great flags of France to hang at the sides of the high altar is intensified in the army chapel. St. Michael, Prince of the heavenly host and patron of France, towers in pure white marble above the altar; toward the front of the chapel, on the Gospel side, an exquisite figure of St. Joan of Arc, by Fagel, kneels in armor with folded hands and bobbed hair, turning her pure profile to the Archangel.



THE MAJESTIC PULPIT OF THE BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART

THE † SIGN



THE PIETA BY COUTAN ON THE MAIN ALTAR
IN THE CHAPEL OF THE DEAD

In the window nearest to her, she is shown in a green, wooded country, a simple, barefoot peasant girl, kneeling with upturned face to the majesty of the tall, shimmering figure in armor whom she knows by the sword and wings. In the centre panel she is burning at the stake in old Rouen. The third subject has a special value here. Standing erect in her armor of steel beneath the folds of her white flag, the Maid from this very hill of Montmartre, (it is history that her camp that time was at the chapel on the Mount of Martyrs) points with her hands toward Paris to indicate at what spot the attack would be made.

The lateral wall of the chapel holds a vast triumphal mosaic designed by Pinta and highly decorative in character. The heroine crowned with laurel and riding a white horse, advances over the body of a leopard, the symbol of the invader. Two great swords, combined with palm branches, fill the ends of the composition. Overhead is a deep border, composed of masses of poppies, lilies and cornflowers, representing the red, white and blue of the tricolor of France.

ON the opposite wall, the mosaic represents St. Michael appearing to St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, (708), on Mount Tombe, now the Mont St. Michel, and asking him to build an

abbey there in his honor. The heavenly soldier wears exquisite armor of wrought gold; the Bishop prostrate before him is upon the sea-shore, and behind him the vast ocean glimmers with intense realism. The huge rock projects against a background of vivid blue, and at its summit, an outline of gold notes where the future abbey will erect its walls.

THE Army chapel is full of military ex-votos: swords, epaulettes, belts, and decorations of all orders. Almost every stone in the walls bears an inscription, and though these votive panels are to be found in every part of the basilica, they seem to abound most among the memorials of soldiers living and dead.

In the Navy chapel, the thought of the sea is paramount, and motifs of sea-weed and shells are introduced in the sculptural ornamentation. The deep frieze running around the walls is enriched by the introduction of the coats-of-arms of the Five Ports of France, specially given to the navy, and the other Five Ports of the merchant marine.

The altar is dedicated to Our Lady, Star of the Sea. In the statue of white marble above it, she stands poised over the waves and reaches out a succoring hand to a poor sailor who is about to sink. The altar is suggestive of the sea, being of a rare green marble, and the reredos sculptures recall appropriate memories: Christ stills the tempest, St. Peter walks upon the waters, the miraculous draught of fishes. Beneath these subjects, the Angel of France sustains the sword of Admiral Courbet, the victor of Son-Tay and of Fon-Tcheou; the sword is in the chapel, having been donated to the basilica.

The windows represent the battle of Lepanto, (1571), in which Don Juan of Austria was victor over the Turks, and Pope St. Pius V at prayer, seeing in a vision that the Christian arms had triumphed. To the left a stranded boat, without mast or sails, drifts into a harbor: the traditional arrival of St. Lazarus, with his sisters St. Mary Magdalen and St. Martha, at Marseilles. To the right St. Nicholas, the patron of sailors, comes to the rescue of a storm-beaten ship, and miraculously brings the crew to safety. The protectors of the lowlier people of the fishing smacks are likewise introduced: they are St. Andrew and St. Edmus. The hanging lamp is of unusual design: it is made up of the classic rostra of antique ships interlaced with sea-monsters.

We must pass over quite summarily the chapels of commerce and industry, law, agriculture, and certain special saints. The chapel of physicians and surgeons is sacred to St. Luke, "the beloved

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physician," and to the brother martyrs Sts. Cosmas and Damian who exercised their profession among the poor freely for the love of Christ.

The chapel of St. Ignatius Loyola records another historic memory of Montmartre, in the first vows of the saint. The marbles, mosaics, and enamels make a gem of this shrine. The fine marble statues of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier were carved by a Jesuit brother named Lesquent. His, too, are the bas-reliefs upon the walls: the taking of the vows in 1534; the departure of St. Francis Xavier for the India Missions; the vision of Blessed Margaret Mary in 1688, when our Blessed Lady appeared to her on the feast of the Visitation, accompanied by St. Francis de Sales and by a priest of the Society of Jesus whom the saint was to know later as her director, Father de la Colombière, the apostle of the Sacred Heart.

The windows are luminous with the First Communion of St. Aloysius at the hands of his uncle, St. Charles Borromeo; St. Stanislas Kostka receiving the Blessed Sacrament from an angel when he was sick; St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier appearing together to Father de Hoyos.

NATURALLY, we shall find in the chapel of St. Margaret Mary most direct references to the Sacred Heart. And this shrine has been adorned with particular care and lavishness—a meet tribute to the lowly woman who, in sorrow and contempt, found herself the recipient of the sacred confidences of the great Lover of Mankind.

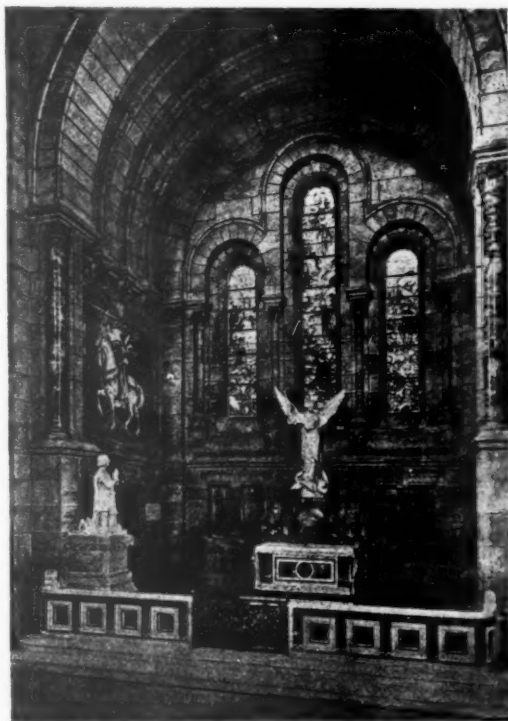
The altar is a masterpiece of the goldsmith of Lyons, Armand Caillat, who upon a base of Siena marble, of the shade of old ivory, laid the decorations in bronze gilt and enamel. Two panels in relief represent respectively the Divine Redeemer, exposing the wound in His side to the unbelieving Thomas; and, with an almost similar gesture, His pierced Heart to the adoring eyes of St. Margaret Mary.

The stained glass exhibits in the central window a group of St. Francis de Sales, St. Margaret Mary, and Blessed Sophie Barat, the foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart, kneeling together at the feet of Christ Who uncovers His Heart to them. Beneath this an interesting small picture in the glass shows St. Francis de Sales presenting to St. Jane Frances de Chantal the arms which the Order of the Visitation was to bear, and in which the Sacred Heart was prominently displayed sixty or seventy years before the revelations to St. Margaret Mary. The side windows offer, on the one side, St. Margaret Mary holding up before the novices in her charge the first drawing of the Sacred Heart, a simple outline made by her; and

on the other side, Blessed Sophie Barat instructing a group of children in the same devotion.

The walls are adorned by two vast mosaics enclosed within marble borders that the sculptor's chisel has wrought with subtle art. Our Lord appears to St. Margaret Mary and, allowing her to look into the future, indicates to her the temple "eminent in beauty, spacious and admirable" which would be the answer to His request for a national shrine in honor of His Sacred Heart. Needless to say, the artist has given the sanctuary of vision the form of the basilica of Montmartre. The second mosaic represents Pope Leo XIII summoning the faithful of the whole world to the worship of the Sacred Heart, and pointing to that emblem of the great love with which Christ loved mankind as to the supreme hope of regeneration and new life.

The communion rail of this chapel, corresponding with the altar in its beauty of ivory-tinted marble of Siena, and ornaments in bronze gilt, is carved with the symbolic daisy of the name Marguerite. The little gates of chiselled copper bear branches and fruits of the nut, curved to form hearts, in memory of the visions of Blessed Margaret Mary beneath the nut-tree. For these motifs of daisy and nut, the artist has gone to nature for his



CHAPEL OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. JOAN OF ARC

THE † SIGN

models. Wherefore they have a great beauty of truth and accuracy, and such touches of perfection as are to be found in the works of the man who copies God's work, even though he afterwards may conventionalize his pattern or be forced to fit it within a given space.

UNQUESTIONABLY the loveliest of all the chapels is the Lady Chapel at the head of the church and in the centre of the apse. It is dedicated to the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary. Being in the tower of the campanile, the walls form a square, until, at a given point, the vault arches, springing, form pendentifs above which is a dainty gallery, blind arches sustained by thirty two small columns, and a rounded cupola, the flattened top of which makes the belfry floor.

The Mary chapel has windows on three sides. Each group of three lights is set within a shallow round arch. The exterior of the campanile has been designed in that portion to contribute its quota of praise to the glory of the Heavenly Queen. Two carved borders, one below the windows, another higher up, binding the angles of the piers, enclose a tracery of roses and leaves, upon the lower of

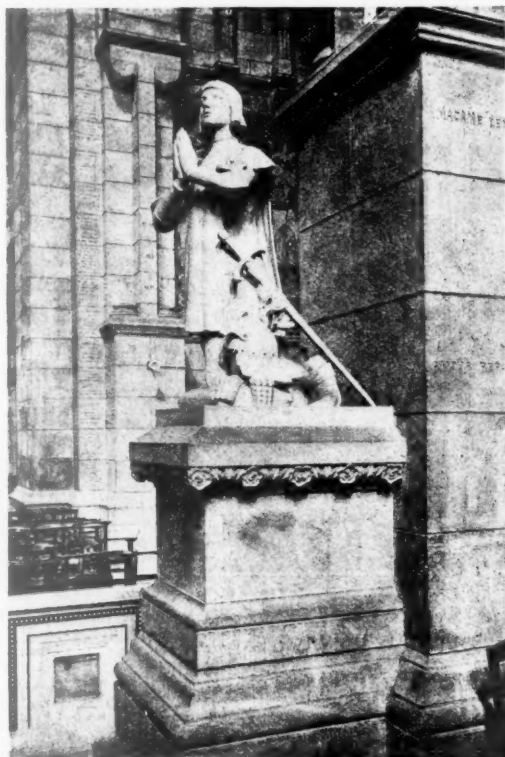
which circular medallions are set at intervals bearing reliefs that illustrate the invocations of the litany of Loretto: "Mystical Rose, Tower of David, Tower of Ivory, House of Gold, Ark of the Covenant, Gate of Heaven, Morning Star, Vessel of Honor." In the upper border, among the trailing of rose shoots, the latter half of the Hail Mary is chiselled in letters of elegant form: *Sancta Maria Mater Dei Ora Pro Nobis*.

The interior of the chapel is exquisitely ornamented, pure white predominating in the use of Carrara marble, and most of the decorative detail consisting of lilies in vessels of gold, or of lilies upon gold ground. The very lamps are white lilies with metal stems and leaves. The altar is surmounted by a figure of Our Lady as Queen of Peace holding the Divine Infant in her arms.

The windows behind the altar represent the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, a mystic figure of Mary shining on high in a golden light, as Pius IX pronounces the words that will confirm her privilege before the world; the miracle of the wedding feast of Cana in Galilee, wrought in the presence and at the prayer of Mary; and that sad day of the Crucifixion in which she stood at the foot of the Cross. In small compartments at the base of the lights, the three principal apparitions of Our Lady in France during the nineteenth century have been commemorated: the Immaculate Conception at Lourdes; the gift of the Miraculous medal in Paris; Our Lady of La Salette speaking to the little children on the mountain while tears coursed down her cheeks.

The triforia of the lateral walls present, in their six pictures of stained glass, those subjects which have been familiar in Marian art since the fourth century: the Presentation of the little Maid at the Temple, the Annunciation, the Visitation; the Nativity, the Presentation of the Infant Savior at the Temple and the Purification of Mary, the finding of the Boy Jesus among the Doctors. A series of small scenes in the lower part of the windows recall the principal events in the history of the basilica, many of which are closely bound to the devotion of the Madonna.

THE entire cupola of the Lady Chapel is occupied by an immense composition in mosaic, recording her death, the tomb filled with roses and lilies where her immaculate body had been, the sorrow and rejoicing of the Apostles and disciples. Above this zone is a ring of angels singing and playing upon musical instruments: *Assumpta est Maria in coelo: laudent angeli, colaudantes benedicunt Dominum*.



ST. JOAN OF ARC BY FAGEL

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At the apex the great Queen soars heavenward, but the gold of the background here loses its solid quality and reveals the Milky Way represented with an artistry that uses a variety of shades of gold, but always pure gold, to describe that nebulous effect of massed myriad stars. Is there a legend that that luminous path is the trace of the way of Mary as she rose to her Son in His realm of bliss? The artist suggests it, or he may have heard that legend of the folk of Spain that the angels gathered up the tears the Madonna shed on earth and set them, a stream of misty pearls, where they shine now in the sky.

Beneath the dome, the spaces of the arcatures are adorned with medallions representing, in a compendium of the sweet familiar devotions of Christian people to Mary, those images of her which are loved and revered all the world over: Our Lady of Good Counsel, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Our Lady of Sorrows, Our Lady of Grace, Our Lady of the Rosary, and others of her titles.

SPACE will not permit a description of the crypt, but it deserves a visit, and there, perhaps better than above, we realize the vast proportions of the structure, its colossal solidity, the tremendous masses of its piers. The ambulatory is surrounded by chapels as in the upper church, and the section beneath the sanctuary contains the tombs and kneeling monuments of the Cardinal Archbishops of Paris. At one side lies a striking bronze figure of the Dead Christ, among the modern dead.

An architectural drawing of great interest, hanging near the stair of the crypt, shows a sectional cut through the complete pile of the buildings, based upon the native rock of the mountain, and



QUEEN OF HEAVEN BY HIPPOLYTE LEFEBURE. THIS IS THE REVERSE OF HIS WONDERFUL CRUCIFIXION.

ascending by crypt, lower church, and upper, to the galleries and terraces that crown the summit of the monumental basilica. If anything could be worthy of so divine a thing as the Heart of Christ, Montmartre, in the material and spiritual homage it offers Him, is profoundly worthy.

God is the author of Holy Scripture, but it pleased God to use human instruments for the writing of it. Consequently, before reaching mankind, the divine thought had to pass through the mind and heart of other men. It follows then, as the encyclical of Leo XIII teaches, that the authority of Scripture is irrefutable since God is its author; but (it follows also) that it is to be explained after the manner of men, *humano more*. Consequently, again, all that can enlighten us as to the manner of men, whether by means of philosophy or of history, helps us to penetrate into the divine thought itself.

We have to add that God was pleased to give to revelation the form of a history, which is the very history of mankind. Certain books of the Bible have a didactic form, but they are not expressed after the manner on an abstract formula. Abstract formulae have never exercised a fruitful and popular influence in the religious sphere. The very didactic books bear the stamp of their time, are tightly bound up with the circumstances of their composition, and therefore depend upon history. History is of supreme importance for the interpretation of the Bible, under the direction of theology which provides the light of faith.—*Père Lagrange*.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGN POST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

STATUS OF A DIVORCEE

A Catholic young woman received a civil divorce from her husband. She is leading a good religious life and does not intend to marry again. Is she expelled from the Catholic Church?—M. M., Philadelphia, Pa.

If she has also an ecclesiastical separation she is not expelled from the Church. You must recall that in the eyes of the Church a civil divorce has only civil effects. No married couple can permanently separate of their own accord except in the case of adultery on the part of either man or wife. To separate permanently for any other reason, such as cruelty, contagious disease, etc., the permission of the Bishop is necessary. To obtain a civil divorce without proper permission is to commit a grievous sin.

SYNAGOGUE OF THE LIBERTINES

In the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 6, verse 9, we read that "there arose some of that which is called the synagogue of the Libertines....disputing with Stephen." What was the synagogue of the Libertines?—J. E., Bayonne, N. J.

The city of Jerusalem at the time of the Apostles was much like the city of Rome at the present day. As there are in Rome national churches, as the American church, the French church, etc., so in Jerusalem at the time of the Apostles there were national synagogues, such as the synagogue of the Cyrenians, the synagogue of the Alexandrians, etc. There was in Jerusalem also the synagogue of the Libertines to which our correspondent refers. The word "Libertine" in this place does not have the significance that it has in secular writings of today. It means "freedmen." When Pompey subjugated Palestine he took with him on his return to Rome many Jewish slaves. The children of these captives by their industry succeeded in purchasing their freedom, and became known as "Libertines." Hence their synagogue in Jerusalem was called "the synagogue of the Libertines."

HELP FOR CHINA

Are subscribers to The Sign permitted to send gifts to the priests and sisters in China?—L. F., Chicago, Ill.

Most assuredly. We shall be glad to furnish the addresses of our Missionaries to any inquirers.

WITNESSES AT A WEDDING

May a Catholic girl marrying a non-Catholic in the rectory have a Catholic and a non-Catholic witness, or must there be two Catholic witnesses?—J. H., Jersey City, N. J.

There must be two Catholic witnesses. In case of necessity or for any other sufficient reason a non-Catholic may be engaged, with the permission of the Bishop.

MOTHER CORNELIA CONNELLY

In reading the Life of Mother Cornelia Connelly in your August number, I was very much puzzled over the fact that, while she was married, she was allowed to enter a Religious Order, and her husband to become a priest. This question has caused much discussion among my non-Catholic friends, and I will appreciate your explanation.—J. C., New York City, N. Y.

The priesthood and the religious life are higher states of perfection and holiness than the married state. In keeping with this truth, the church at times has granted the husband the permission to go into the priesthood on condition that the wife enters a religious community. This was quite common in earlier centuries. Lately the Church is very cautious in granting such a permission; and the ill-fated outcome of the Connelly affair, especially so far as Mr. Connelly was concerned, justifies the cautiousness of the Church in the matter.

FORCED BAPTISM

Is a person who was baptized unwillingly considered to be a Catholic?—R. E., St. Louis, Mo.

If an adult with the use of reason is baptized against his will, his baptism is invalid. Such a person, to be baptized validly, must not only be willing but actually desirous of receiving the sacrament.

PERFECT CONTRITION

What is perfect contrition, and what are its effects?—F. B., Davenport, Iowa.

Perfect contrition is a sincere and heartfelt sorrow for one's sins and detestation of them simply because they have offended God. Hence any person, however great or numerous his sins may be, can cancel them by an act of perfect contrition. The person is still obliged to confess those sins, not to have them forgiven, because they are already forgiven in consequence of his contrition, but in order to comply with the law that all grievous sins committed after baptism must be confessed.

RE-MARRIAGE

Some time ago a couple were secretly married by a Justice of the Peace. For urgent reasons they wish to be married by the priest but are exceedingly anxious to have their former marriage ceremony kept secret. Can this be done?—A. R. I., Boston, Mass.

Yes; it can be done. Let them go to their Pastor and tell him the condition of affairs. To avoid civil complications he will, perhaps, procure a dispensation from publishing the banns and proceed with the marriage ceremony as though no previous ceremony had taken place. Whether or not a new license will be necessary depends on the laws of the state.

THE † SIGN

FEAST OF THE HOLY NAME OF MARY

At present the Holy Name of Mary is honored within the octave of her birthday—September 8. Was it in the year 1854 honored on March 15?—L. D., New York City.

This feast was instituted at Cuenca in Spain in 1513, and was assigned to September 15, the octave day of our Blessed Lady's Nativity. On January 16, 1587 it was transferred by Pope Sixtus V to September 17. On November 25, 1683, Innocent XI assigned it to the Sunday after our Blessed Lady's Nativity, on which day it is still celebrated. It was never kept on March 15.

PLACE OF MIXED MARRIAGE

Can a priest officiate at the marriage of a Catholic and a non-Catholic in the home of the bride or groom?—B. W., St. Louis, Mo.

With the Bishop's permission he can; but the Bishop never grants this permission except for very special reasons.

THE OUR FATHER

Why does the Catholic "Our Father" differ from the non-Catholic version? Non-Catholics end the "Our Father" by saying "for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."—F. H. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

The non-Catholic ending to the "Our Father" is found in no authentic manuscripts of the Gospels. It occurs frequently in the old Eastern liturgies. The words "for thine is the kingdom, etc." are not a part of the prayer as given by our divine Lord; they are what is known as an 'embolism,' that is, a pious addition to a prayer. In the early days after the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, the people of the East added in their fervor "for thine is the kingdom, etc." This addition was never adopted in the West; hence Catholics recite simply the words as taught by our Lord Himself.

ODD FELLOWS

An Odd Fellow asked me to tell him why the Church does not permit its members to join that order. Had he been a Mason and asked the same question, I think I could have given him a fair answer. I presume that the same reasons apply to the Odd Fellows, but at the same time, I would like to know (1.) when were Catholics forbidden to join the Odd Fellows and (2.) for what reasons.—F. E. S., Jamestown, New York.

The Order of Odd Fellows first appeared in England completely organized in 1812, although some lodges date back as far as 1745. It was introduced into the United States in 1819. By a decree of the Congregation of the Holy Office dated August 20, 1894, addressed to the Hierarchy of the United States, the Odd Fellows as well as the Sons of Temperance and the Knights of Pythias were condemned and Catholics were forbidden to join any of these organizations. The particular reason why the Odd Fellows are condemned is that this Order is a religion and, to us, a false religion: it has altars, chaplains, high-priests, ritual, order of worship, and funeral ceremonies.

THE BISHOP'S RING

Does the Bishop always wear an amethyst ring? If so, why?—B. W., St. Louis, Mo.

No. Many Bishops wear amethyst rings because amethysts harmonize with the color of the episcopal dress.

A LONG DISTANCE APPRECIATION

Mission of Saint Peter Claver,
Nulato, Alaska,
November 24, 1924.

Dear Father Editor:

It is a good thing to have friends. It is a still better thing to have a friend that sends *The Sign* to us every month. A good Hoboken lady sends her copy to the Mission of Saint Peter Claver on the Yukon north of 64.

I did not begin this letter to tell you about our good friend; my purpose in writing was to tell you that your little magazine is read from, "kiver to kiver" every month. No mere "fillers" ever seem to gain a place on your sprightly pages.

The October number with its delightful article on Junipero Serra by Michael Williams measured up to the best standards of Catholic magazines.

Please accept these few lines of congratulation and appreciation as a token of my esteem of the work you are doing in the publishing of *The Sign*.

Joseph F. McElmeel, S. J.

Editors' Note: We are glad to put this good Jesuit Missionary to the Indians on our free list. In fact we would put every English-reading Missionary on our list if we could afford it. Some of our Readers make it a point to pay for subscriptions to Missionaries and Missionary Institutes.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editor, *The Sign*:

About five years ago a little nephew of mine, from Lebanon, Pennsylvania, fell from a porch and injured his back. Sometime later a large lump or swelling appeared. This filled with puss and became as large as a goose egg. The Doctor pronounced it a tubercular condition of the spine, opened it, etc., but to no avail.

My brother took the child, then about eight years old, to St. Ann's Shrine in Canada. Up to this time he suffered much pain, but after the pilgrimage ended, good St. Ann stopped all pain; but his spine became crooked and the breast bone pushed forward, until he became a little hunch-back. Gradually he lost power of his limbs, from the hips down, also of the bowels, and for two years or more lived in a wheel-chair from which he had to be carried about. All his muscles were paralyzed.

St. Gabriel had done so much for me and my family, that I suggested we bring him to St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburgh, but the child could not stand the trip. I spoke to the late Father Guido, C. P., and he said if the child could not be brought to Pittsburgh to be blessed with the relic, he would make the Novena to St. Gabriel at the Monastery and the family could join. We did this with the most implicit confidence in St. Gabriel helping him.

A few weeks passed and I received a letter stating the child could move the muscles in one or more toes. A little later, the good news that he could lift his limbs from the knees down, and finally that he could stand alone and then the great news was sent, "Tom can walk."

It is now about eighteen months since this happened, and he has improved steadily, he can dress and walk to church, a half mile or more, each day. I felt sure St. Gabriel would be pleased to have this published, so that others who are afflicted might have confidence in his power with God.

Margaret L. McMillan,

Peace in Hunan

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for February, 1925)

IF ever the Passionist missionaries in China should need prayers more than they do now, they would be in a bad way indeed. Our American newspapers give us some knowledge of the fighting going on along the Eastern fringe of China and of that country's generally disturbed condition; but they give us only a very faint idea of the chaos far in the interior where our men are. Ever since the Passionists first reached Hunan, three years ago, they have been menaced constantly by roving bands of soldiers and bandits. Almost every letter of the missionaries has told of encounters with and escapes from these marauding highwaymen.

But during the past few months the situation in North Hunan has become so alarming that we ask the members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion to storm heaven for immediate relief.

In Yuanchow and Kienyang, Frs. Timothy, Quentin and Kevin, surrounded by bandit hordes on all sides, have been completely cut off from the other missions, and are in imminent danger of capture and death. Father Dominic writes that, in the midst of constant fighting, Shenchowfu changes hands daily. And, worst of all, word has been received that our five Sisters of Charity, who left America a few months ago, fell into the hands of the bandits along the Yuan River and were robbed of all their possessions. They are now safe in Hankow, where they are to remain until they can reach Shenchowfu unmolested.

Two interesting accounts of the hold-up of the Sisters will be found in the Mission section of this issue. The reading of them will open your eyes to prevailing conditions in China and will impress upon you the fortitude of our Sisters.

Their dreadful experience shows the sanctity required to follow their holy calling. We admire them; but they are not looking for our admiration. What they want and what we should pray for is that peace be restored that they may the more effectively work for souls.

In a former Intention here we remarked, "You may be sure that Satan is not going to allow, without a mighty struggle, the millions of pagans in Hunan to turn to the Cross of Christ. And all his hate will be directed against the missionaries." You see how this is being verified. Father Kevin

tells us that "before the coming of the Passionists, the Province of Hunan was the most peaceful of all the eighteen provinces of China. But now it is the scene of the greatest disorder."

From the very first days of our missionaries in Hunan, Satan has been turning the country upside-down to get them out. Their first year saw the worst famine in the history of the province. After that came the beginning of the bandit troubles which have grown worse day by day.

We might ask, "Why does God permit Satan to do these things?" He allows it simply to bring greater glory to Himself and to His children. The works of God, to be genuine, must be stamped with the royal sign of the Cross. They thrive best under just such adverse conditions as those that now prevail in Hunan. Thus, instead of these troubles discouraging us, they ought to be a source of encouragement to carry on. *And we will carry on!* The more Satan rages, the more we will go on,—God is with us. The number of missions and missionaries are constantly increasing; buildings are going up; the Sisters, if not in Hunan, are at least in China, and with God's help will soon be in Shenchowfu.

WE know that God could have brought the Sisters safely past the bandits. We know that He could stop all the troubles in Hunan without any prayers of ours. But this is not God's way of acting. If He should do everything without us, there would be no chance for us to gain any merit or reward. And our reward in this work of course will be measured by what we do for the missionaries.

A little girl in St. Aloysius' Academy in Jersey City, which gave one of the heroic Sisters to our missions, said to her teacher on the day after the news of the Sisters' capture, "As soon as mama saw that in the paper, she took me into her bedroom where we have a little shrine of our Blessed Mother, and we both knelt down and said the Rosary for the Sisters. And we both cried, and my daddy was so mad,—he said he wished he could go over and get a hold of some of these Chinese."

Well, we may not be able to go over to China. But God is there. And God has promised to hear our prayers.

The Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Passion for January is "That Peace may return to Hunan."

Philosophy and Prestige

Is Philosophy the Sole Guide of Life?

By T. J. FLAHERTY



IT is astonishing how the magic of this word — Philosophy — has taken hold on the imagination of America! We are being philosophized, or, to be more particular, psychologized to the extremity of patience; psychologized into successful business channels; psychopathologized into good health; psycho-analyzed into a knowledge of the impulses of behavior. The memory is restored, the imagination is enriched, the emotions are summoned or constrained at will; forsooth,

"To pluck bright honors from the pale-fac'd moon***
Or pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

As a matter of fact, to the dictum that philosophy be the guide of life (and, to be sure, it has a good sound), one must enter a caveat. Philosophy in the prison house of pyrrhonism and modern scepticism has become pseudomorphous. It is a game of blindman's buff in an age beset with moral snares. There is much of slippery ground, gullery and deceit to beware of.

Pope Leo XIII writing on the subject says:

"If philosophy be rightly and wisely used, it is able, in a certain measure, to pave and to guard the road to the true Faith; and is able, also, to prepare the minds of its followers in a fitting way for the receiving of revelation. Hence it has not untruly been called by the Fathers "an education leading to the Christian Faith," a prelude and help to Christianity, a schoolmaster for the gospel."

Pope Leo XIII, mindful of the Scholastic adage that whenever a contradiction is met, a distinction must be made, has, in the paragraph quoted, clarified that distinction. In a word, a philosophy founded upon truth goes a long way toward guiding us aright; a philosophy built upon false principles, in spite of plausible claims to the contrary, renders its disciples bewildered and in the moral order leaves them with a wavering standard of conduct. Gold still is held in ancient rocks or in the sands of clear flowing streams.

Chesterton, more than twenty years ago, wrote:

"There are some people, and I am one of them — who think that the most important and practical thing about a man is still his view of the universe. We think that for a landlady considering a lodger it is important to know his income, but still more

important to know his philosophy. We think that for a general about to fight an enemy it is important to know the enemy's number, but still more important to know the enemy's philosophy. We think the question is not whether the theory of the universe affects matters, but whether, in the long run, anything else affects them."

Now whether a man's view of life be religious, free as to the will and optimistic, or irreligious, materialistic and fatalistic, flows from the quality of his education. If that education fails to supply right principles to guide him, it becomes an instrument for possible failure in the real purpose of life.

BRIEFLY, education gives us principles of life that shall make us either slaves or freemen.

Of course it is not the intention to open up a discussion on Catholic education (although the problem of enlarging our institutions of higher learning must soon become everywhere a subject of serious thought as it already has become in Pittsburgh), but only to touch it in so far as the *atmosphere* of those great educational institutions outside the pale of the Church affects the outlook on life.

Men are becoming superlatively wealthy, and, strange as it may seem to those who are quick to point out the incompatibility of material success with the practice of the Faith, many Catholics are being added to the class possessing riches. Along with wealth has come a remarkable aspiration for higher education. Now, it is natural for the successful man, himself often deprived of the advantages of higher learning, to idealize its advantages, to feel in that direction lies the way to salvation. His sons and daughters must have a decorated scholarship! But no fair objection could be made to this, surely no reasonable one, if, in the creation of *distingues* in intellect, the end of education be kept in sight.

But there's the rub! Prestige! The prestige of being hailed an alumnus of an outstanding institution. But let us consider the price. If philosophy, if our theory of the universe, is to guide us through life it is important that the one responsible for the education of those in his charge remember this, that to what the child in the Catholic grade school has learned—that there is but one God; that God

THE † SIGN

is the Creator of heaven and of earth and of all things; that man is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God; that we must worship God by faith and justice and charity; that we should love Him with all our hearts (a foundation upon which a true philosophic superstructure may be reared),—there is opposed a philosophy taught elsewhere which makes life a great void and strips the individual of all moral responsibility. Nothing should excite our pity more than this, that a Catholic youth has been placed in an environment where he is in danger of corrupting, if not losing altogether, the saving knowledge learned in his early school days. Gradually his vision is blurred and his faculties are stupified by the deadly gas of new thought. It is a philosophy that denies that there is an eternal moral order, that cuts off ultimate hope, that offers for the objective certitude of Catholic teaching the principle that the True is only the expedient in the way of thinking as the Right is only the expedient in the way of behaving, and from which logically flow pessimism and despair.

It should be clear, then, that, regardless of prestige, any educational institution which suffers this philosophy of negation to permeate its course, should not be entrusted with the preparation of youth for life's serious career. In such an institution can be found Pragmatism as a guide; Matter as a guide; Reason as a guide; Energy as a guide; the Absolute as a guide—all fruitful roots of the evils that are now threatening us—but never the philosophy that "guards the road to the true Faith."

Perhaps (but I do not think so) all this might be thought over emphatic. Yet "if anyone look carefully at the bitterness of our times," said Pope

Leo XIII years ago when he saw the handwriting on the wall, "and if, further, he considers earnestly the cause of those things that are done in public and private, he will discover with certainty the fruitful roots of the evils which are now overwhelming us, and of the evils which we greatly fear. The cause he will find to consist in this: evil teaching about things, human and divine, has come forth from the schools of philosophers; it has crept into all ranks of the State; and it has been received with common applause."

THE man whose life folds back over a generation that could truthfully boast of more reverence than our own might consider academic what is written herein. On the question of education he knows John to be a hard-headed fellow, strong enough to withstand foolishness of whatever sort. Mary, God bless her, she is well grounded in her religion. True, of course! But the road that leads away from the bright highway of truth does not run off at right angles. The divergence is scarcely noticeable. One does not at once lose his bearings; the sun is in the sky and in the right direction. With the coming of horizontal shadows and the mist, a strange country emerges; familiar landmarks are nowhere to be seen; the stars no longer shine.

The intention, of course, is not to condemn schools that are not Catholic. The message, rather, is this: a Catholic school for every Catholic. Today there is a living force that is dragging men away from all that made life sacred. For us Catholics there is but one opposing force that has power of life behind it. What that force is we should be cognizant of.

The Angel at the Gate

By J. CORSON MILLER

He stood as straight as the Tree of Life,
At the gate of the Garden of the Lord;
Angelic foe of sin and of strife,
Holding the fiery sword.

And standing with the sword raised far and high,
His face was a golden sea;
But the man and the woman drawing nigh,
Looked on him wistfully.

And the trees heard, and the wind of the night,
And the beasts of the wood going forth:
"For that ye have crossed the Lord in His might,
Ye shall labor and die on the earth."

The bright sword swung to the darkening west,
And they knew the word of His will;
Then, turning and beating hand on breast,
They went out, white and still.

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

BUSTER

Contrast the mouthings of the shameless, God-defying advocates of Birth Control and the inanities of human mother to pet animals with the following words of a young mother, who attempts to describe her first born, in a letter to her brother:

I know you are anxious to hear about "Buster," but I don't know that I can describe him any better than Ma; he is too beautiful to describe—it can't be put in words! Well, first thing, he has dark hair, but it is turning... light coming in. My little blonde has light eye-lashes and brows. One can scarcely see them they are so light, but they are there. He has blue eyes, not large, not small. Mother saw them in the light and says she thinks they will be like mine—blue gray; he has a nose (saucy) like his mother's, and the darlinest, rose-bud, "birdie-hole" mouth—a cupid's bow. The little Ohio Valley in his upper lip is so prominent, and he puckers it so sweet; and he smacks his lips—even the day he was born. He has his Ma's and Dad's Camel stomach, ha! (fierce appetite.) Ma says he has a lovely shaped head. You will like his ears—look like mine—small and flat to his head. Oh, he is a wonder! He has a body like a second Dempsey: (I tell him to hurry up as Dempsey is waiting for him.) Broad shoulders, full chest, small waist, plump arms, (keeps them flying). Ma feeds him water out of a spoon—that hand comes up and bang goes the spoon!...and his little legs and feet are...oh, I can't tell you...I have kissed them nearly all over! His darling little back tapers down like Apollo Belvedere's (is that spelled right?) I think he has his Daddy's hand, nice finger nails and he smells like rose petals—honest! That is my darling! I wish you could see him while he is little—just like a big doll. I know it is hard for you to picture him and it is harder for me to tell you. He is just mother's wonderful angel child!... I'd give anything for you to hear Ma. She raves! When she goes into one of those fits, she squeezes him, and hugs him until I want to yell myself for him, but he seems to like it. She was raving over him the other day and the lady next door told us she heard her and now I can understand how mother must have raved over me when I was a baby. I wonder if anyone else carries on so over a baby like Ma. Oh, he will be spoiled! Can't I love him! We've got to love him! I am having a wonderful time learning to take care of him, but it won't be long until I get the knack. Grandma C.—sent a picture of a baby riding on swans with the verse: "God has sent you from above, A little soul for you to love, A tender gift to watch and keep. To love to kiss and croon to sleep. Happy mother! proud and blest! May your tiny treasure rest, Shielded from the world apart, In the heaven of your heart!" Isn't that sweet?"

EASY AND HARD

In a short review in *The Cupid & Lion*, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton has a couple of sentences that give the right slant on a spiritual truth:

Carlyle could never have said anything so subtle and simple as MacDonald's saying that God is easy to please and hard to satisfy. Carlyle was too obviously occupied with insisting that God was too hard to satisfy; just as some optimists are doubtless too occupied with insisting that He is easy to please.

THE BARK OF THE WOLF

We are not in complete sympathy with *The New York Herald Tribune* criticism of Mayor Hylan. But that does not prevent our passing along this bit of editorial cleverness:

"The people of this city know from many a bitter experience that the sheep's clothing of a fake reformer too often conceals the bark of the wolf." From a statement by Mr. Hylan.

And that, we may add, isn't all. Frequently they have sought to clasp the hand of Esau only to discover that it was the tail of the serpent. They have mistaken the deaf adder 'hat stoppeth her ear for the howling of the cattle upon a thousand hills. They have heard the stone which the builders refused roaring in the fullness thereof. To eat, to drink and to be merry has been a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path.

From bitter experience the people of this city, particularly in the last seven years, have become so inured to confusion of transit that confusion of metaphor is but as a watch in the night.

NECESSITY AND INVENTION

From *A Mixture* by H. M. Bateman we reproduce this ex-ray photograph recently taken in America. It is a striking illustration of necessity proving to be the mother of invention, and also, incidentally, of how dry we are:



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\$4,000,000.00

The Seventh Day Adventists have a rather peculiar brand of Christianity to offer to the benighted pagan. Still, their example should urge Catholics to greater zeal:

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Foreign Mission Board of the Seventh Day Adventist denomination announced here today that 139 missionaries will be sent to foreign lands by the church in 1925. More than \$4,000,000.00 will be spent in mission enterprises in the year.

CATHOLIC (?) FILMS

Writing in *Blackfriars* on "The Film and Futility," Mr. John Trent makes a vigorous plea for the correct featuring of Catholic customs and practices. He instances some ludicrous scenes in recent popular pictures:

The treatment of Catholic films, always apart from *The White Sister*, shows an ignorance of, or lack of attention to detail in the matter of Catholic customs that often causes ridicule among the spectators. A priest was recently shown wearing a cassock and a bowler hat. Another priest was made to genuflect with his biretta on his head. Yet another, summoned to a dying man, instead of administering the last rites, began to lift the patient into a sitting posture with the obvious intention of shaking him back to life. A real priest never does these things. It is the same with nuns. They are represented as pious sentimentalists, lifting their eyes to heaven with a sigh, and looking as if they had just escaped from a stained glass window. It is evident the producer has never met a nun in real life, or else he would know how very practical and common-sense nuns for the most part are. The pity of these blemishes is that they could so easily be corrected. Any intelligent Catholic could detect them before it was too late. Then we should not see, as we see so often, the sign of the cross made from the right shoulder to the left, with the hand very uncertain what to do when that action is completed.

It would be possible to enumerate countless errors of this kind, which help to give to the film an added touch of unreality, and to fill an observant watcher with impatience. It would be worth any producer's time and money to consult those who know on any point of religious practice. Then many of the absurdities of costume and conduct would be eliminated.

FENG THE CHRISTIAN

According to Olin D. Wannamaker, in *Asia* for January, General Feng Yu-hsiang has fastened upon himself such nick-names as the "Christian General," the "Cromwell of China," the "Chinese Stonewall Jackson." It is as the "Christian General" that he is lauded by our separated brethren. Of his Christianity, Mr. Wannamaker says (italics ours):

Tangible results have come from Feng's type of Christianity and from his association with Gailey and others—though Feng declares that he does not understand the Christian doctrine, having been, in Chinese phrase, "made a priest after he had passed half his life." He frequently chooses his recruits by their pig-tails—that is, he catches them green from the back country. Then he drills them hard and takes good

care of them. He sees that every peasant boy learns a trade before his term of service ends. When the discharged soldier goes home, he carries two forms of insurance against banditry: his trade keeps him from turning robber, and the rifle given him by the General persuades others to follow his example.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Could you imagine a priest advertizing his services? In the *Moody Bible Institute Monthly* of Chicago, we find these intriguing ads of a popular brand of American religion. They'd prove more interesting if the terms were specified:

ROLLING MILL EVANGELIST. FORMERLY rolling mill manager. Open for engagements. Geo. W. Jacoby, Primos, Pa., Box 34.

REV. CHARLES E. DRIVER. SAFE, CONSTRUCTIVE evangelism. Former Pastor. Experienced evangelist. Eminently successful. Finest Testimonials. Write for open dates. Palmyra, N. Y.

EVANGELIST AND BIBLE TEACHER, JONAS Vuker, with 28 years experience as a pastor-evangelist and Bible teacher, has some open dates for evangelistic meetings or Bible Conferences, single or union meetings. For dates, references, etc., address Springfield, Ohio, R. D. 10.

LADY EVANGELIST, TRAINED IN ALL branches of evangelistic work. Conducts own singing and chorus work. Assist pastor or take full charge of revival meetings. Teaching or pulpit supply. Terms reasonable. Box L. M., Moody Monthly.

WANTED — NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF Christian people who will promise to pray for a revival to sweep over Arizona. Robert McMurdo, Peoria, Ariz.

FAWNCEY!

This limerick may explain the aberrations of some of our Christian Scientist friends:

There was a faith-healer of Deal,
Who said, 'Although pain isn't real,
If I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel'

SOCIAL RELIGION

It's not such a far cry, after all, from New York to Mississippi. The sandwiching in of religion between social recreations in Marks, Miss., rather closely resembles the Men's Sunday Conference of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.

The regular monthly social meeting of the Layman's League was held at the library last night. The devotional exercises were conducted by the president, E. C. Black. Psalm 119:67-71-75, and Leviticus XXVI 2-5 were read and afterwards discussed by those present. Prayer by Mrs. G. C. Jones was had. After the devotional exercises it was announced that A. A. Pogue, M. D. Brett, C. W. Carr and E. C. Black had been selected for debate. The former two were given the affirmative side and the two latter the negative. Their subject, "Resolved, That Andy Gump, Being 100 Per Cent American, Should be Elected President of the United States."

The Admirable Light

Chapter I: A Source of Conversation

By VIOLET O'CONNOR



It was something which the lady who had just gone out had said that set them thinking—the five of them—and they sat and pondered it in silence. They were all surprised and all but one very much annoyed by that expression, 'The Author's Wife.' George Grant and his sister Evelyn, whose flat it was, and their friends, Alice Talbot and Lumley Knight who had come in to tea looked curiously at Martin O'Sullivan and waited for him to speak, but Martin looked straight into the heart of the fire, lost in thought.

The lady who has just left them, more noted for affability than tact, had carried a library book under her arm, and she had tapped it with fat fingers, after shaking hands with Martin, by way of emphasizing "I am so glad to have met you, a relation of the author's wife." She was a stout good-natured person, heavily wrapped up in furs, and the book was one, she said, by a new writer, which the reviewers had praised.

Martin said nothing. It was George Grant, finally, who broke the silence. He burst forth vehemently: "The Author's Wife indeed! As if ever anyone could think of Bobbie Harcourt as an author or of Kathleen as his wife."

"Well, at any rate she married him," said Evelyn succinctly.

"But no one could imagine why," snapped George.

"A good leg for a boot," quoted Evelyn casually, "I think I have heard Kathleen in the old days offer that as an explanation."

"And a very good one too," remarked Lumley Knight, "Harcourt could ride and no mistake and his worst enemy would not deny he looked well on a horse. He was as handsome as a picture."

"I've always hated bristly moustaches," put in Alice Talbot. "But they do say he's cut it off at last. You know I'd never have cared for you Lumley if you hadn't been clean-shaven."

Lumley got up and bowed.

"Bob's real attraction, I always understood, was that he knew nothing at all about literature," continued Alice. "Such a rest for her, Kathleen declared."

Martin O'Sullivan roused himself. He had

hated to hear his sister—a well-known writer—spoken of as "the Author's Wife." This discussion of her by their mutual friends pleased him no better. "One has to remember Kathleen was brought up to sport," he put in hastily. "All her first crisp sparkling articles, were written on the one subject. She never thought of anything but hunting, racing, fishing, shooting, and her intimate knowledge of every form of sport and her originality of outlook stood her in good stead. Her editors could always trust her, they said. She never let them down. They didn't need to read an MS. signed by K. until it was in proof."

"And I remember," said George, "how men used to crowd around her in the hunting field, congratulating her on her last amusing sketch. Everybody looked out for K.'s contribution to the *Saturday Sportsman*. She was not only clever, extraordinarily clever, she was so buoyant, so delightful. She made one happy."

"I don't know about that," interpolated Evelyn. "How did she come to hit off her present style of writing?" asked Lumley. "I mean I have never understood how it was that a jolly outdoor sort of girl, such as Miss O'Sullivan seems to have been, came to take up literature, as a fine art."

"One might almost describe it as a lucky chance," answered Martin. "I remember my sister tried one wet day to see if she could write something for *The Work of the Century* and found she could. She sent it off, got it accepted and paid for, and was asked for more. That first paper of hers created quite a sensation. She got hundreds of letters about it. Everyone was asking who wrote it. No one believed it could have come from the pen and the brain of a girl of eighteen."

LUMLEY remarked safely, "Most authors find it a good bit harder than that to make a start, I fancy."

"Well, Kathleen's genius didn't," exclaimed Alice with enthusiasm. "She got more orders than she could keep pace with from the start."

"She never wrote quickly, I remember," continued Martin, "but she got well paid for her trouble. She was so pleased and happy in those days writing and hunting, till Bob Harcourt barged in and married her."

"I can never make out how he imagined for a

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moment that she was in his line," said George bitterly.

"Well so many other fellows admired her," explained Lumley, "and Harcourt just went in and cut them out. That's what he said it was—half in fun. He'd had a good many flirtations before. Nothing serious, you know, and undoubtedly he admired Miss O'Sullivan's pluck."

"He used to urge her on," said George, "against her better judgment, to jump impossible places in cold blood; with the result that she had many a nasty fall. I remember that time when she hurt her hand—" ("The left hand fortunately," interpolated Alice.) "hurt it badly and came up laughing. They both fell once at the same place, a stiff post and rails, and both came up laughing. Bobbie never seemed to have any anxiety about her. He never took care of her."

"He had known her and quarrelled with her ever since they were both five," said Martin.

"I've seen him more than once in Paul's Patch cram her mouth with blackberries and bend her head back murderously when she resisted," added Evelyn.

"Not murderously, surely?" queried Lumley.

"You know what I mean. The slightest opposition roused the Early Briton in Bob. He'd always had his own way. He was utterly spoiled as a baby by the native servants in India."

"It used to make one's blood boil to see the way he went on," continued George. "Where was the spirit of chivalry?"

"Or romance? or even adventure?" added Evelyn. "Just a rough and tumble fight. That was what it generally came to in the end. And there was something elemental in Kathleen that liked it."

"The Early Briton in her too, possibly?" suggested Lumley. "So at any rate they had that in common."

MARTIN got up and moved about the room restlessly. "I'm feeling just a little bit anxious about Kathleen," he said presently.

"As how? The Author's Wife?" asked George.

"Well, yes. It is difficult to picture Kathleen in that role. Oh! it's all right. I feel certain it is all right. But I want to fix it up in my mind comfortably. I can't quite see her somehow."

"None of us can. In the Author's Wife we have completely lost her."

"We are in a fog," said Alice.

"Or she is," said Evelyn.

Martin took that up. "No," said he decidedly. "Kathleen isn't that. There has never been any

suggestion of a fog about her; a hurricane, a snow-storm, a north easter—or," more slowly and thoughtfully, "a deep, deep lake."

"I heard she took it wonderfully when Bob told her that they were not going to keep horses any more," said Alice. "She knew that he had no intention of being selfish when he said 'we shall never hunt again.'"

"It is an awful tragedy for a man like Harcourt to have lost a leg," remarked Lumley.

"I'm not so sure," said Alice. "Kathleen used to be miles ahead of him in the old days; but now, with only one leg, he seems to be catching her up."

Martin assented. "That is really so."

"She lets him," explained Evelyn.

"Kathleen always had a heart of gold," said Martin loyally.

Evelyn let that pass.

"Perhaps Mrs. Harcourt did not want to hunt either," suggested Lumley, "after all her experiences."

"Driving that motor ambulance in Serbia?" asked Evelyn.

"I never knew exactly what she did do," said Alice; "she never speaks about it."

"I expect she couldn't," said George.

"But what has she kept for herself?" demanded Alice presently. "No hunting! No literary work!"

MARTIN sighed. "That's what's been bothering me. What has she left?"

"Well, what has Harcourt," demanded Lumley, "if you come to that?" The time had arrived, he felt, for him to take up the cudgels for his friend. But Kathleen's friends had their answer ready.

"Harcourt has Mrs. Harcourt," said George.

"Bob has got Kathleen of course," said Alice.

"And hasn't Mrs. Harcourt—," began Lumley, but Alice took him up short. "No, she hasn't. Kathleen never pretended that married life—the daily domestic affairs—was what she wanted. Ideals, ambitions, enthusiasms, her work, her 'great work' as she called it. How she enthused!"

"I never heard her enthuse over Bob," remarked George.

"She was awfully fond of him all the same—as an Early Briton," said Evelyn. And Alice added quietly, sadly, "But that won't help her now. What has she got to help her?"

"Religion?" suggested Lumley in an undertone. Evelyn heard it. "One would not have suspected it, on the whole."

"She was reserved," said Martin, "but I believe that there were depths."

"No one who read her books could doubt that

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there were depths," rejoined Alice. "I am sure that there is a great deal that we none of us know."

"Perhaps," said Evelyn. "I remember I came upon her once at breakfast," continued Alice, "alone at breakfast, eating dry crusts and drinking water and looking—oh, gazing wonderfully; with her whole soul in her eyes, at a crucifix on the wall."

"Rather a contrast to her usual meals," said Evelyn. "Her after-hunting tea, do you remember? Egg after egg, and greedy plates of hot buttered toast and mugs of cocoa. She had an appetite, and no mistake, and did not seem to attempt to rein it in."

"Her own explanation was, 'It is a case of when I rule and when my Savage gets the better of me,'" said Martin.

"Strange your saying that—your having noticed that," said Evelyn. "I came upon her once kneeling and kissing the floor. There had been a scene in the morning—two scenes. It was the day she 'arrived,' as we called it—four big cheques for accepted work and half a dozen letters from new editors asking for something from her pen. All by one post. K. just went wild—seizing them and dancing round the room in a triumph of delight. Then she remembered that she was going to walk with the otter hounds and tore upstairs to change her dress; and the next thing we heard was that poor maid of hers getting a terrific rowing because some skirt wasn't ready. She had ordered an alteration—it had to be shortened in all probability—and Arabella had forgotten about it. She adored Kathleen and she was used to these occasional uncontrollable storms, but later on that day K. seemed ashamed, repentant. 'It's not honest' she said in her vehement exaggerated way—'I'm a cheat taking money for what I'm not.' 'My dear, you're a success—think of this morning's letters—your money and your fame is fairly earned,' I said by way of cheering her up. 'No. I and my literary work are not identical' she answered. *It* may have nearly got there; *I* am still hundreds of miles away.' I don't know what she meant."

"Any more than we understand what she is meaning now" said George.

"The thing is evidently to find out what it means," said Lumley.

"With Kathleen it always must mean *something*, one knows there is *some* idea. With Bob I should be inclined to say the present situation means nothing at all—just drift," said George.

LUMLEY took him up.

"From what I know of Harcourt I should not say that."

Alice looked at him. "How I love you, Lumley! How I love arguing with you! And don't the Harcourts provide us with a never failing source of conversation? Next to your clean-shaven face your great attraction for me lies in your loyalty to Bob. Personally I never liked him—and he never approved of me, as Kathleen's friend, though that's neither here nor there; but I simply love you for standing up for him. It gives me a feeling of absolute security."

"You think a good friend will make a good husband?" suggested Evelyn.

Alice nodded cheerfully and went on with thinking out loud. "She may be storing up impressions, working out some original theory for another book—some psychological study of womanly renunciation—she's quite capable of it."

Nobody appeared to be able to follow her along that line so they harked back.

"But it wasn't Bob's first book now was it?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes and no," said Martin. "The first alone. The other was a collection of short stories partly dictated to K. and partly handed to her in rough notes."

"Typewritten by Kathleen, published by Kathleen's publisher," remarked George, "illustrated—" ("Beautifully illustrated," commented Lumley.) "by an artist friend of Kathleen's and reviewed by her reviewers. In fact it always seemed to me very doubtful if Bob really had anything to do with it at all."

"K. seems to have used her own favorable position to give her husband a kick off," added Evelyn. "Of course if you push a toboggan at the top of a steep hill it is bound to go."

"Come now," remonstrated Lumley. "The plots were his; I recognized some of them. He could always spin a capital yarn at school. The fellows used to crowd round him to listen; and from what I gather he has a large and appreciative public now. This second book is all his own I understand?"

"Yes it is," rejoined Martin, "I haven't read it but Kathleen wrote and told me it came as a surprise to her."

Alice looked incredulous.

"She didn't help him?"

"Didn't even know of its existence till he presented it to her in print."

"Quite The Author's Wife then after all," remarked Evelyn. Martin winced.

"The wife of a poor broken wretch with shattered nerves and every interest in life gone," said he.

"The wife of a man who responded nobly to his

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country's call, who has suffered incredibly and who now deserves the utmost consideration she can show him," said Lumley hotly.

"Bravo Lumley!" cried Alice.

"So she lets him have the credit of her literary fame. I see," said Evelyn. "And by way of ensuring a second edition they give away the first to every bazaar that they can hear of."

"O Evelyn, you are so catty to-day!" said George. She flushed up.

"I didn't mean to be. Forgive me. Kathleen, at any rate, was never catty."

"I never heard her say an unkind word."

"Except when she was angry."

Martin justified that.

"Oh well, when Kathleen lost her temper she didn't know what she was saying—her words just poured out."

"How she let Arabella have it if her clothes weren't right!"

"Strange that anyone whose restraint in writing was perhaps her greatest cleverness should have ever been unguarded in conversation," pondered Lumley. "I always thought Miss O'Sullivan must be so critical, her humor was so delicate, so subtle, and there was such a finish about all her work."

"Oh well, the one was intentional, the other simply accidental," explained her brother.

"Sometimes Kathleen was very funny," said Alice smiling. "She told me once she thought of going about for fourteen continuous years like the unknown Saint of Sienna with her hand over her mouth 'studying with fatigue how to acquire this needful and singular virtue of self-restraint.'"

"Imagine us all sitting with our hands over our mouths for fear of making some uncharitable remark!" George laughed. "But it's a good idea."

MARTIN got up and strolled over to the window where he stood looking out and seeing nothing, lost in thought.

How they talked her over! His sister. She who, had she been amongst them, would have dominated them all! But of course that was just it, the very thought of Kathleen was dominant, and her friends talked of her because, without realizing it, they couldn't help themselves. Lumley and Alice, sitting side by side, and arguing because they liked to argue; Evelyn and George, on opposite sides of the fire, sparring, because George had wanted to marry Kathleen, and Evelyn had been glad he didn't. They were in her power, subdued by her great heart, her magnificent vitality, her fearless love of Truth. They couldn't understand her, but they all in their different ways believed in her. How, indeed, could anyone help it?

Martin remembered some one long ago comparing Kathleen to "a scheme of creation large enough to contain a man-eating tiger and a good Samaritan." She was two years younger than he, but how she used to fight him when they were children, when they quarrelled! And how she used to take his part, and stick up for him through thick and thin, when he had got into any sort of trouble with anybody else! He saw her now, eyes flashing hair thrown back, lips parted, breathless with excitement, tall, well developed, overflowing with health and animal-spirits and (he smiled at the recollection) with her dear little too short, almost turned-up nose, giving a humorous nursery touch to the whole affair.

Yes, that was the explanation of everything, she was a child—that was what Kathleen had been up to the time of her marriage and probably what she was still. Her faults, her qualities, were the faults and qualities of childhood, and if she had been happy with Bob it was because he also had been a happy healthy child. Yet (and here Martin knit his brows) if this were really the explanation did it not make it still more difficult to place her now in her present circumstances...? He gave it up and turned back to the others.

Alice was saying: "All Kathleen's ideas were good and whatever is the idea of her present way of living I'm sure it's good; but it bothers me, just as it bothers Martin, not to know; and I'm going down to stay with her next week, and I'll write a long letter to Lumley telling him all about it, and he can read it aloud to all of you."

"I shall look forward to that," said George with finality. But Evelyn insisted on having the last word.

"Couldn't you make it into an essay, Alice, and call it 'The Author's Wife.'?"

Alice looked round at them all.

"What is it exactly that you want to know? Tell me?" she asked. "What does she do?"

"Is she happy?" Martin queried; and George gave fuller expression to the thought: "What sort of terms are she and Bob on now?"

Evelyn began some question, and popped a restraining hand over her mouth.

"Well saved!" laughed Lumley, "but fourteen consecutive years seem a long time!"

"Funny thing Kathleen reading lives of Saints, wasn't it?" said George.

"I imagine for the sake of the language, the exquisite style, they would be so beautifully written," hazarded Alice.

Martin smiled. "Not invariably, I'm afraid. One thinks of a Saint's life as lived not written."

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"And it would take a writer who had lived like a Saint to write a Saint's life," suggested Lumley. "Exactly."

Alice suddenly opened her eyes wide, as if some thought had just come to her, but she couldn't quite catch it and simply said, "Oh!"

WHEN Evelyn took her away to put on her hat and George went out to find a taxi, Martin turned to Lumley. "The amazing thing is," he remarked, "Bob *does* write well."

"Undoubtedly," said Lumley.

"I don't understand him. I used to see a lot of him in our young days, but I never really knew him very well."

"And I have always known him very well," said Lumley; "yet I realize that there is a lot more in him that I don't know."

"Depths in Bob?" queried Martin wonderingly.

"Is it not possible," Lumley proffered diffidently, "that Mrs. Harcourt may have met him *there*?"

He realized and respected Martin's sensitiveness on the subject of his sister's married life, and only

wished that, as the husband's friend, he could in some way throw a light upon the situation. Before Martin had time either to accept or reject this new proposition Alice's cheerful voice broke in:

"Come along old thing, and Cheerio."

"These modern lovers!" exclaimed Evelyn raising her eyebrows.

"Oh we are quite different to each other when we are alone," Alice explained.

"Let us hope so," George began, and popped a hand over his mouth.

"Kathleen and her unknown Saint have quite a following already," remarked Martin. "Studying with fatigue."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Lumley, "if in the course of the next fourteen consecutive years (I like that expression) some of us *do* get more careful as to what we say."

"Not I," cried Alice. "Directly I get to the Harcourts I'm going to write and tell you exactly what I think. And mind you all meet here this day next week to read my letter aloud."

(To be continued)

The Problem in Courtship

ARCHAEOLOGISTS have recently brought to light various interesting implements indicating that milady, even in remotest times, was addicted to the crafty enhancing of her charms. Evidence of such craft had been preserved in the lines of the Latin epic poet, Martial, who thus addressed a contemporary coquette:

"Gollu, you are but a composition of falsehood. While you were living at Rome, your hair was growing on the banks of the Rhine. At night when you lay aside your silken robes, you lay aside your teeth also. Two-thirds of your person are locked up in boxes for the night. The eyebrows with which you make such insinuating glances are the work of your slaves. Thus no man can say 'I love you,' for you are not what he loves, and no one loves what you are."

We are not in favor of lengthy courtships but we do urge every swain to consider whether that by which he is smitten is the simulation of beauty

or just the reasonable enhancement of it, whether or not he has happened on merely a "lovely unison of tint and melody and breath" that will promptly dissolve under the stress of hardship or contradiction.

But this decision need not be interminably delayed in the search for absolute perfection. He should be prepared for a degree of disillusionment and trust much to the exercise of mutual forbearance while giving thought to John Boyle O'Reilly's familiar definition, "Women are higher, truer, nobler, smaller, meaner, more faithful, more frail, gentler, more envious, less philosophic, more merciful, oh, far more merciful and kind and lovable and good than men." And your decision need not be deemed as momentous as that of a famous Antony concerning which Paschal assures us, "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter it would have changed the history of the world."—R. T. N.

Marie Martha Chambon

The Sacred Passion in the Light of a Mystic Soul

By CAMILLE DELAUX



FRANCOISE CHAMBON was born in the village of Croix-Rouge near Chambéry on the 24th of May, 1844. On the same day she was baptized in the Parochial church of St. Pierre de Lemene. Her family were rather poor peasants, tillers of the soil.

It pleased our Lord to reveal Himself very early to this innocent soul. Being scarcely nine years old, she was taken by her aunt to assist at the adoration of the Cross on Good Friday. On this occasion the Savior, lacerated and bleeding as on Calvary, presented Himself to her vision. "Oh, in what a state He was!" she said later.

This was the first revelation to her of the Sacred Passion which was to hold such a prominent part in her career. However, in the dawn of her life she seems to have been favored by our Lord rather under the aspects of His Infancy.

On the day of her first Communion He came to her visibly; and thereafter it shall always be the Infant Jesus Whom she shall see in the Sacred Host. He becomes the inseparable companion of her youth, follows her to her work in the fields, converses with her along the road and leads her back to the paternal roof. "We were always together; Oh, how happy I was! I had Paradise in my heart," she said, at the close of her life, when recalling these far-off memories.

While thus remarkably favored it never entered her mind to tell others of these intimacies. She was contented with the happiness that ensued, believing ingenuously, as did Gemma Galgani, that everyone was similarly favored. However, the purity and fervor of this child could not escape the attention of her good pastor, and he admitted her frequently to the Sacred Banquet. He it was who discovered her religious vocation and presented her to the Visitation.

WHEN the Visitation of St. Marie de Chambéry opened its doors to Francoise she was 18 years of age. Two years later she pronounced her holy vows.

Nothing in her external appearance favored the new spouse of Christ. The beauty of this daughter of the King was—and shall remain—within. God, as it were in compensation, treated Sister Martha

with real parsimony in regard to natural gifts. Manners and speech most rustic, denoting a total lack of education, an intelligence rather ordinary and undeveloped by culture—Sister Martha could neither read nor write*—earthly sentiments, which the divine influence will gradually purify, in fine, a disposition or character which cannot be said to have been quite agreeable. Her companions of the novitate declare with one voice: "Oh, as to her being a saint, she was a true one! But what a trying saint!"

The "saint" knew this quite well. And with touching naivete she would complain to Jesus of having so many defects. "Thy imperfections are the greatest proof that all that goes on in thee comes from God. I shall never free thee of them; they are the veil hiding My gifts."

But we may present another picture in contrast to all this. The superiors did not fail to discover a moral already very beautiful, and beautifying itself daily more and more, under the action of the spirit of the Master. There were the infallible signs revealing the divine Artist, and revealing Him the more plainly with the lingering of human infirmities. In this rude mind what clearness and depth of vision! In this heart, without natural culture, what innocence, what faith, what humility, what thirst after sacrifice! "Obedience is everything to her" said Mother Thérèse-Eugénie Revel, "the candor, the spirit of charity which animate her, her mortification and, above all, her sincere and deep humility, seem to us the safest vouchers of God's dealings with this soul. The more she receives the more she feels contempt of herself, being constantly haunted with the fear of illusion..."

The first two years of Sister Martha's religious life went by normally. Excepting an uncommon gift of prayer, perpetual recollection and an ever-increasing hunger for God and heavenly things, there was nothing forecasting the extraordinary phases of her life. But in September 1866, she began to be favored with frequent visits of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Poor

*This complete ignorance of Sister Martha must always be kept in mind. On the one hand the reader shall marvel to find so much doctrinal exactitude and accuracy of expression in one without any foundation of culture; on the other hand the reader will condone whatever he may find in certain details not pertaining to the substance of things.—R. P. Mazoyer, S. J.

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Souls. But above all, Jesus Christ almost daily presents to her contemplation His divine Wounds, now resplendent and glorious, now livid and bleeding, asking her to associate herself with the sorrows of His Passion.

THE superiors, seeing the manifest signs of God's Will—signs which cannot be studied in this short notice—gradually, despite their apprehensions, left her free under the inspiration and guidance of the Crucified.

Thereupon, Sister Martha is directed to spend the nights prostrate on the floor of her cell. Later, she is commanded to wear a rough hair-shirt night and day. Soon she must weave for herself a crown of thorns which prevents the resting of her head without exquisite suffering. It was in May of 1867, that our Lord demanded of her further the sacrifice of her sleep, bidding her watch alone before the Blessed Sacrament while all in the monastery slept.

Nature is not cajoled by such demands. But are they not the ordinary price of heavenly favors? In the silent hours of the night our Lord communicates Himself to His servant in a most wonderful manner. Through weary hours He leaves her to struggle with weariness and sleep. But more frequently is she ravished in sublime ecstasy. He confides to her His sorrows and the secrets of His love. He effects a marvellous merging of her heart with His. About this time she was favored with an ecstasy lasting three days during which she remained motionless, speechless, sightless and without food, but with her pulse regular and her complexion but slightly flushed. On this occasion she was especially enlightened as to her "mission"—how she was to be instrumental in making the Wounds of Jesus of advantage to the whole world.

The Superioress and directress of this privileged soul could not take upon themselves the responsibilities attaching to such an extraordinary vocation. They consulted the ecclesiastical superiors; notably, Very Rev. Canon Mercier, Vicar General, Very Rev. Fr. Ambrose, Provincial of the Capuchins, and Very Rev. Canon Bouvier, chaplain of the community, whose reputation for science and holiness was known beyond the Province. They unanimously affirmed that Sister Martha's actions bore the divine mark. They advised a written record of her actions to be kept secret, however, until God should be pleased to reveal them. Thereafter Mother Thérèse-Eugénie began to note down day by day—with scrupulous exactness transcribing even what was the result of ignorance—the statements of the humble sister, whom our Lord Himself directed to withhold nothing from her superioress.

"We depose here in the presence of God and of our holy Founders, through obedience and with the utmost possible fidelity, what we believe is sent us from Heaven through the predelection of the all-loving, divine Heart of Jesus for the good of our community and of souls. God seems to have chosen in our family the privileged soul who is destined to renew in our century the devotion to the holy Wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is our humble little servant, Sister Marie-Martha Chambon, whom the Savior favors with His sensible presence. Daily He shows her His divine Wounds in order that she may turn their merits to account for the needs of Holy Church, the conversion of sinners, the necessities of the Institute, and especially for the relief of the Souls in Purgatory. Jesus makes her the instrument of His love and the victim of His Will, and we, full of gratitude, experience at every turn the efficacy of her prayers upon the Heart of God."

THUS Mother Therese begins her relation from which is taken all that is hereafter quoted.

"One thing causes me pain," said the Savior to His little servant. "It is that certain souls consider the devotion to My Wounds as strange, trivial and unsuitable; therefore does it languish and become neglected. In Heaven I have Saints who had a great devotion to My Wounds, but on earth there is scarcely one who honors Me in this way."

How many Christians have lost the sense of sacrifice! Too few understand the Cross. Too few meditate upon the Passion of our Lord which St. Francis of Sales calls "the veritable school of love, the sweetest and most compelling motive of piety."

The blessed Founder, St. Francis of Sales, who often visited his dear daughter to instruct her paternally did not fail to strengthen her in the certainty of her mission. Thus on one occasion when she had in her simplicity complained to him that her sisters had not much confidence in her because of her imperfections, he replied, "My daughter, the views of God are not those of the creature... God gives His graces to a lowly one who has nothing, in order that all may return to Him. Thou shouldst be resigned to thy imperfections because they hide the gifts of God. God has chosen thee to perfect the devotion to the Sacred Heart. That Heart was shown to my daughter, Margaret Mary, and the Holy Wounds to my little Marie Martha." By the Blessed Mother of God also was she confirmed in her mission of manifesting the merits of the Passion and of the Holy Wounds.

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Concerning devotion to His Wounds we record here some of the directions communicated by our Lord to Sister Martha especially during the year 1868.

"One must confide everything to My Wounds and labor for the salvation of souls through their merits."—"You must ask Me to be well grounded in the love of My Wounds, because they are the source of all graces. You must invoke them often . . . encourage your neighbor to do so." "All the words on the subject of My Wounds cause Me pleasure; I count them all."—"Offer Me thy actions and those of thy sisters united to My Wounds; nothing can make them more meritorious, nor more agreeable in My eyes."

THROUGH Sister Martha, Jesus urged that His thorn-crowned Head should be the object of devoted love and remembrance. "My Crown of Thorns caused Me more suffering than all My other wounds. It was My most cruel suffering after the Garden of Olives. You will allay it by keeping your rule well."—"Behold this Head which has been pierced for thy love and through the merits of which thou shalt one day be crowned . . . Souls that shall have contemplated and honored My Crown of Thorns on earth, shall be My crown of glory in Heaven. . . . My Crown of Thorns, I give it to My favored friends. . . Behold the One Whom thou seekest, behold in what a plight He is! Release the thorns from My Head by offering to My Father the merits of my Wounds for sinners. . . . Go and search for souls!" Thus the Savior re-echoes the eternal *Sitio*—the preoccupation of truly apostolic souls, "Go and search for souls!"

Neither does the Master refrain from encouragement, inflaming hearts and making sacrifices acceptable. Thus under October 1867, it is recorded that He offered Himself to her ecstatic gaze with His Crown all radiant with glory, saying, "See how beautiful it is after having been so dolorous," and placing the Crown upon her head, "Take My Crown and in that state My Blessed Ones shall behold thee....Behold the fruit of My Crown!"

As the holy Cross is the source of happiness to the just, so is it an object of terror to the wicked. This was shown to Sister Martha in a vision by Him Who delighted in instructing her concerning the mysteries of the other world. The tribunal where souls are judged appeared to her resplendent under rays from the Crown of Thorns. Souls were passing continually before the Sovereign Judge. Those who had been faithful during life threw themselves with confidence into the arms of the Savior. The others beholding the holy Crown, and remembering how they had despised the love of the

Master, threw themselves terrified into the eternal abyss. This vision made such an impression on Sister Martha that she trembled with fear in relating it.

If the Savior thus revealed all the riches and beauties of His divine Wounds to the humble sister, could He refrain from discovering to her the treasures of His great Wound of love? "Behold the Fountain out of which you must all draw, it is especially bounteous for you," said He, showing His Wounds in luminous splendor and that of His Sacred Heart in incomparable brightness. "Come and receive of the effusion of My Heart that yearns to impart of its abundance. . . for, to-day, I have received in My mercy, souls saved through your prayers"—"The science of love is not learned in books; it is given only to the soul that looks upon the Divine One Crucified and speaks to Him heart to heart."—"In this furnace your infidelities disappear, love consumes them. You must love, and leave all to Me. You must repose upon the Heart of your Master as did St. John." "I am a beggar for love. I call My children one by one. I wait for them."

THESE promises occur so frequently that much space would be required to record them.

"I shall grant any request made through invocation to the Holy Wounds. This devotion must be propagated."—"Through My Wounds and My Divine Heart you can obtain everything."

"My Wounds shall heal yours. . . shall banish all your faults. . . In meditating upon them you shall always find new food for love. The Holy Wounds give value to everything."

"In offering them for the conversion of sinners, even though these are not thereby converted, you shall have the same merit before God as if they had been."

"When you have any sorrow to bear, bring it promptly to My Wounds and you shall be comforted."

"Often repeat this aspiration to the sick: 'My Jesus, pardon and mercy through the merits of Thy holy Wounds.' This prayer shall bring ease to soul and body."—"Let the sinner pray, 'Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Wounds of our Lord to heal the wounds of souls,' and he shall obtain his conversion."

"You must breathe your last with your lips close to these sacred fountains. There shall be no death for the soul expiring in My Wounds."

Among these promises of our Lord that deserve special attention are those concerning the Church and those concerning the Souls in Purgatory.

Often did our Lord renew to Sister Martha the

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promise of His Church's triumph through the power of His Wounds and of the Immaculate Virgin. "My daughter, thou must have a regard to thy duty, which consists in offering My Wounds to My Eternal Father, for through them shall come the triumph of the Church, and this shall come to pass through My Immaculate Mother." But, from the start, our Lord forestalls illusion and equivocation. There is no question of material triumph. At times the bark of Peter shall be tossed furiously on the billows. "Men do not quite understand what they ask in praying for her triumph. My Church shall never have any visible triumph." Yet amid struggles and anxieties the work of Christ is continued in the Church; namely, the salvation of souls: "The invocation of My Wounds shall obtain for the Church a ceaseless victory."

"Alas, good Master, it is so long a time since Thou badest me pray thus, and triumph does not come," exclaimed Sister Martha in her simplicity. For reply she heard, "My daughter, you should be quite satisfied that I do not chastize you further. . . I promise the triumph, but, little by little."

At a time of fierce persecution of the Church, toward the end of 1867, our Lord revealed to Sister Martha that His Holiness, Pius IX, would have still more to suffer, but that he would be supported in his tribulation. "My will is that this community should be the support of the Holy See through prayer and the invocation of My Wounds. Thus do you oppose a barrier to the enemy."

"When you offer My Wounds for sinners, you should be minded to do this also for the souls in Purgatory, for there are few who think of relieving them."

"Each time you look upon the crucifix with a pure heart you shall obtain the release of five souls from Purgatory, one for each Wound."—"When following the Stations of the Cross, you shall obtain the same favor, if your heart is very pure and detached, through the merits of each of My Wounds."

One of her sisters appeared after death and said to her, "I really thought that I was performing all my actions purely for God. But when they were shown to me I learned that they were all influenced by natural motives. It is the confidence I reposed in the Wounds of our Lord that saved me. Ah, how well it is to die passing through the Wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

IN return for these exceptional graces Our Lord asked that the community adopt two practices: the Holy Hour and the Rosary of the Holy Wounds.

At the time of the cholera, which in 1867, took

so many victims in the country around Chambery, our Lord expressed the wish that, each Friday, the vigil of the Holy Hour be kept by five sisters, each of whom honoring one of His sacred Wounds. The Blessed Virgin Mary, appearing in the garb of Our Lady of Sorrows, instructed Sister Martha: "My daughter, I contemplated the Wounds of my Son for the first time when His holy Body lay in my arms. I meditated upon His sorrows and lodged them in my heart. . . His Wounds pierced my heart. . . This was my passion."

About the same period the superiors established the daily recitation of the Rosary of the Holy Wounds. There were objections to the practice as an innovation. A sister of high intelligence and solid judgment and having authority in the monastery was particularly opposed to the devotion. One day the humble Sister Martha came to her charged with a mission from the Master. It implied the revelation of a matter which she had confided to nobody. Confronted by such evidence the sister yielded and made diligent efforts to repair the effects of her former opposition.

Our Lord manifested His pleasure in the practice. Thus, "Tell thy Superior that she shall always be heard, no matter in what necessity, when she shall make supplication to My Wounds through the Rosary of Mercy. . . Your monasteries draw down God's favors upon their dioceses. When you offer My Wounds to My Father I look upon you as raising your hands to Heaven for graces. . ." After an experience of fifty years the community can declare that its confidence has been well rewarded.

"In the House of God you must live united to My Wounds," said the Savior. "Your vows should be confirmed in My Wounds."

One day Sister Martha was following the Way of the Cross. At the tenth station our Lord showed her the association between His being stripped of His garments and the vow of poverty. And he asked her to offer His Wounds for those religious who still needed dispoiling—that they might clothe Him by a more rigorous keeping of their vow of poverty. At the twelfth station, the Crucifixion, it was added that, being devoted to Him, we must be nailed to the Cross with Him, not following our own will. By failing in obedience we detach ourselves from the Cross.

"My daughter, consider My Crown and thou shalt see mortification, My extended hands, and thou shalt learn obedience." And poverty and purity were to be learned from His being fastened to the Cross despoiled even of His garments. Again, "It is exceedingly hard for those who go by compulsion and without love, but sweet and con-

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solving is the way to souls who bear their cross generously."

SISTER Martha, consumed as she was with the love of God, seized an occasion when the blessed Founder, St. Francis, appeared to her, and asked that he obtain her early entrance into Paradise that she might enjoy the Sovereign God. "If thou camest here," he replied, "seeing thy task incomplete thou wouldst wish to return to earth to finish it, considering the glory rendered to the Divine Master and how much thou dost make satisfaction to the offended Justice of God."

Sister Martha's pledge of special consecration was transcribed and preserved by her Superior: "I, Sister Marie-Martha Chambon, promise to our Lord Jesus Christ to offer myself every morning to God the Father, in union with the Divine Wounds of Jesus Crucified, for the salvation of the whole world and for the welfare and good of my community. I shall adore Him in all the hearts that receive Him in the Holy Eucharist. . . . I shall thank Him for being so good as to come into so many hearts so ill prepared. . . . I promise Our Lord to offer every ten minutes, with the help of His grace and in a spirit of penance, the Divine Wounds of His sacred Body to the Eternal Father. . . . to unite all my actions to His Divine Wounds, according to the intentions of His Divine Heart, for the triumph of Holy Church, for sinners and the Souls in Purgatory. . . . All this from love, under no obligation binding under sin."

Her life became thus an uninterrupted prayer. Union with God and recollection were manifest in her features. Characteristic of her were her eyes almost constantly closed and her lips ever in prayerful motion. In the choir, especially, was she truly lost in Him Who deigned to manifest Himself as Father and Friend.

The reader is reminded that we have presented here only a sketch of this remarkable life. We have emphasized her mission and but one side of the interior life of Sister Martha. A complete biography will soon be published.

Graces and extraordinary events mark each day of this exceptional life during twenty years, that is until the death of Mother Thérèse-Eugenie, December 30, 1888. Long before, our Lord, referring to the two mothers who guarded the record of all her graces, had put to Sister Martha the question, "Would you not make the sacrifice of them for My sake?" And Sister Martha had agreed with the single reservation that nothing should thereafter be revealed of whatever favors He granted her—that all should remain hidden between them, absolutely unknown to others.

Our Lord promised, and kept His word. He covered, as with a veil, that humble life even to the end. God permitted that, through circumstances which we cannot here describe, the superiors immediately succeeding should have but a vague knowledge of the favors received. The record itself had been deposited with others as long as Sister Martha lived.

During those last twenty years until her death nothing appeared externally of these marvellous favors. Nothing betrayed her experiences except the long hours during which she remained before the Blessed Sacrament, immovable, insensible, as if in a trance, and none dared ask her what happened during those blessed hours between her ravished soul and the Divine Dweller in the tabernacle.

THIS life of continual prayer, of labor, of mortification, this silence, this complete withdrawing of self—all is further proof of the genuineness of the favors granted to this soul. One with ordinary humility might reasonably glory in the work accomplished through one's instrumentality. Sister Martha, never!

During the night of her last Christmas on earth, at midnight Mass, a sister heard her exclaim with anguish, "O my Jesus, not that! Anything, but not that!" Was it a forecast of interior abandonment by her Beloved? What else can we surmise would cause this faithful soul thus to shrink in terror? From that day her features seemed altered with a strange sadness.

A severe cold was added to other grave complications and she received the last unction with joy, February 13, 1907.

A dolorous Calvary yet remained for her—five weeks of supreme purification, during which her Savior identified her more than ever with Himself suffering, with the physical and moral pains of His Passion. He had warned her, "That which will bring thee death, shall proceed from My Wounds."

On March 21, the end came amid a great calm and silence. And Jesus received forever into His pierced Heart the soul that He had made His beloved victim, His confidant and the apostle of His sacred Wounds.

NOTA BENE

Your attention is called to the interesting department of **THE SIGN** entitled "With the Passionists in China." In this issue are two graphic and authentic accounts of the recent hold-up of our Missionary Priests and Sisters. One of the accounts is from the intended victim of the bandits. Turn to page 301.

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED



THE BEGINNING OF THE PASSION



ICTURE to yourselves the time when God was all alone. To form a picture of God, it is best to study our own soul, which is made to His Image and Likeness. Our soul is one being. But in it are three distinct relations. Our soul exists; it knows itself; and it loves itself. Now, existence is not the same thing as knowledge, nor is either the same as love. Yet it is the one soul that exists, that knows and is known, that loves and is loved. Thus we have in the one soul three distinct relations. In God are the same relations. He exists; He knows Himself; He loves Himself. But in Him these three distinct acts or relations, by reason of His Infinite Nature, are three distinct Personal Beings, eternally coequal, and eternally existing in one Divine Nature in an ecstatic union of love and mutual happiness, a happiness so intense that we cannot even faintly conceive anything like it.

This truth is thus expressed by Lacordaire, "Catholic doctrine condemns the system of Unitarianism which affirms that God existed from all eternity in an isolation dreadful to imagine. It does not admit that God is a solitary Being eternally employed in a sterile contemplation of Himself, but it teaches us that the divine life consists in the co-eternal union of three equal persons, whose thought corresponds, whose love is mutual, and who, in that marvelous communion, identical in substance, distinct in personality, form together an ineffable association of light and love." (And it is to this communion of Divine life and happiness that we have the privilege of aspiring.)

From all eternity, as we learn by revelation, the Triune God had planned to create spiritual beings, angels, to share in His own life and love. But, foreseeing how many of these spirits would grow proud and rebel against Him, God planned also to create human beings to take the place of these rebel angels in heaven. To keep these human beings from the pride that destroyed the angels, God planned to unite their souls, which would be made to His own Image and Likeness, to bodies

made from the slime of the earth. Yet, despite all this, He foresees that man also will rebel against Him. He foresees that when He shall give man, according to his free will, a choice of obeying Himself or of following Satan, man will follow Satan.

And just here we come to the most important of all the divine plans—the work of man's Redemption. God knew that when the angels would fall, there would be no redemption for them, because, with all their knowledge, no excuse could be offered, and with their powerful wills, no turning back could be accomplished. But with man, it would be different. Man was to be half spirit and half matter. Compared to the angels, he would be but a child. And, too, his sin would not be committed out of pure hatred of His Maker. It would be caused partly by the cunning deceit of Satan. So God planned a Redemption that would wipe out the victory of Satan, and would win back for man not only the supernatural life he had lost, but even greater gifts than he could have won before. On this work of Redemption, then, the whole Trinity planned to expend their wisdom and power. It was to be the most perfect and the most divine of all God's works, the central point of all creation. All history, human and divine, was to look forward to it, or back upon it. A Divine Person Himself, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, was to come to earth to work out that plan of Redemption, and to show forth the wisdom and power of God.

O my God, I adore Thee for the wonderful things Thou hast done for me. Thou didst make me out of the slime of the earth, and didst give me a soul made to Thine own Image and Likeness, so that I might enjoy Thy life and happiness in heaven. When by sin I lost the chance to enjoy heaven, Thou didst plan how to redeem me, how to give me even far more than I had lost. O my God, Thou hast loved me from all eternity. Thou hast planned from all eternity to make me happy. Thou didst send to earth Thine own Divine Son to show forth all Thy wisdom and power for me in the work of Redemption. Do not let me

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be ungrateful or indifferent to this supreme work of Thy love for me. Help me to make Thy Wisdom and Power, Christ Crucified, my wisdom and power. (*Let your mind dwell on these thoughts and your heart speak out in your own words to God.*)

We see, then, how we are bound to a constant and close study of the Passion of Christ by three great obligations; one to the Divine Trinity, one to Christ Himself, and one to our own souls.

We are bound to glorify God by a thankful contemplation of His works. But the most magnificent and important of these is the work of Redemption, the Passion of His Divine Son. Here all the Wisdom and Power of the Trinity are displayed. We use our minds on a thousand trifles daily. How much time do we give to the consideration of this most momentous and glorious of all God's works?

Secondly, we are bound to a study of the Passion because of our Lord. If we love Him at all, we must have some appreciation of what He has done for us in His Passion. Ingratitude or indifference to His supreme achievement for us is simply unpardonable.

Thirdly, we owe it to our souls to study the Passion. For it is in the Passion that we must learn the wisdom and power that will help us to save our souls. Christ, indeed, redeemed us by His Passion, but to save our souls we must coöperate with Him, we must make Him in His Passion our wisdom and power, and follow Him. From Him alone shall we learn lessons of Divine wisdom, lessons about God and His attributes, about the value of the soul, the nature of sin, the relative values of time and eternity, the false wisdom of the world, its blindness and its folly. The Passion is the summing up of our Lord's teaching. The Crucifix, not the Bible, is the Gospel of all, learned and unlearned.

It is the book wherein the saints have learned all their wisdom, to understand all the difficulties and problems of life; it is the book wherein they have learned all their power to overcome these difficulties. Does this seem like exaggeration? Then St. Paul exaggerated when he exclaimed that he knew nothing but Christ Crucified; then the Holy Ghost Who inspired him, exaggerated; then millions of saints have exaggerated.

Why is it that we are held in captivity to the world, the flesh and the devil? Why is it that we are so worldly, that we cannot overcome some habitual sin, that we are cast down by the trials of life, that we murmur against God, that we are strangers to Him, that we find it so hard to pray to Him and to love Him? Because the Passion to us is an unknown book; because Christ Crucified has no influence on our habitual thoughts and actions. Remember that our Lord in His Passion faced and overcame all the difficulties of life that any of us might possibly be called upon to endure, and in doing this He had each one of us in His mind as though there were no one else in the world. He was showing forth the Wisdom and Power of God for you and for me, individually.

O my God, how little I really know of the greatest of all Thy works! Thou hast left me the record of the working out of the Passion of Thy Divine Son for my own special benefit.

Thou hast left me in the story of that Passion a fathomless ocean of heavenly treasures of wisdom and power. Yet, how little I have profited by it. Help me to know and love Jesus Crucified.

RESOLUTION: I shall try to practice the new Third Degree of the Archconfraternity of the Passion.

ASPIRATION: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee. Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

POWER AND WISDOM

HEREWITH we begin a new series of meditations on the Sacred Passion. In these we shall consider our Savior as the Wisdom of God and the Power of God; and we shall try to learn more and more how to make Him our own Wisdom and Power.

Wisdom and Power! Wisdom to know; Power to do. Wisdom to understand aright the difficulties of life; Power to overcome them.

One of the earliest inscriptions found in the Catacombs at Rome was the picture of the head of an ass affixed to a cross, with a man bowing down in adoration before it. Underneath was written, "Alexamenos adores his God." This was the old world's idea of the Wisdom and Power of Christ Crucified and of Christianity. It is the idea of the world today. The word of the Cross is still foolishness,—to the world. But, remember, that the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God.

Are we trying to carve out our eternal destinies according to the wisdom and power of the world, or according to the Wisdom and Power of God? These little meditations each month may help us to answer that question.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



God's Unanointed (St. Gabriel, February 28)

By C. ROLAND, C. P.

Oh holy youth, thy glory's won!
The web of life thou well hast spun;
The warp and woof of years so brief
Yet wrought the full and perfect sheaf.

Thus golden chords of prayer immure
The crimson threads of love most pure,
The seemly white of innocence
Mid sombre black of penitence.

Although on earth thy hopes seemed vain,
For priestly robes thou fain wouldst gain,
In heaven thou standst in vestments grand
Woven of life with unctious hand.

Our Little Missionaries

THERE are many true stories that show how far-reaching may be the effects of some little act of zeal or kindness. Try to imagine how many accidents have been prevented and human lives saved through that wonderful invention, the air-brake. A little child deserved much credit for that invention without being aware of it.

In a railroad accident George Westinghouse watched the train-crews struggling vainly with the old-fashioned hand-brakes. The idea suddenly flashed in his mind, "if there were only some way by which the engineer could break the whole train!" This problem remained upper-most in his mind for months but he sought in vain for the solution.

One hot day, as he was sitting at his desk, a little girl timidly approached him and requested that he subscribe to a magazine. Young Westinghouse was busy and rapt in study. But he could not treat the child rudely. He purchased a copy and resumed his work.

But the end of his task was at hand. In the

magazine at his elbow lay the phrase that was to solve the problem of the air-brake. He had completed the model of the brake itself but could think of no power by which it could be operated. In idly turning over the pages of the magazine, Westinghouse saw a description of tunnel-building where the work was done by compressed air. In a flash he had found the solution of his problem.

Though he wished to reward the little girl and tried hard to find her, he never saw her again. Yet a small act of zeal on her part had brought fame and wealth for one man and removed a great danger for travelling millions.

The lesson of this story should be clear to our little missionaries. They should be encouraged by it and inspired with renewed resolution in their little acts of zeal and sacrifice and kindness in behalf of souls. You are helping to prevent greater disasters than railroad wrecks. The travellers you help to save are those who must be turned aside from that road which, our Lord tells us, is so broad and leads to destruction.

But there is also a great difference between you and Westinghouse's little friend. She received neither glory nor reward. How sad! How really tragic! But with you it is enough that God stands by, and sees, and remembers, and prepares the reward.

Here's Rita Banks. She raffled a rosary and realized \$136.00 on it. Pretty clever work for a little girl!

Dunmore, Pa.

My Dear Father Stephen Sweeney:

You will say that Santa Claus was good to your Chinese Missionaries when you look at the check I am sending you for the rosary.

I just loved the work. When I got 500 chances, Mother and Aunt Bea thought it was wonderful; but when I received 1239, they all said that I was a good Chinese Missionary.

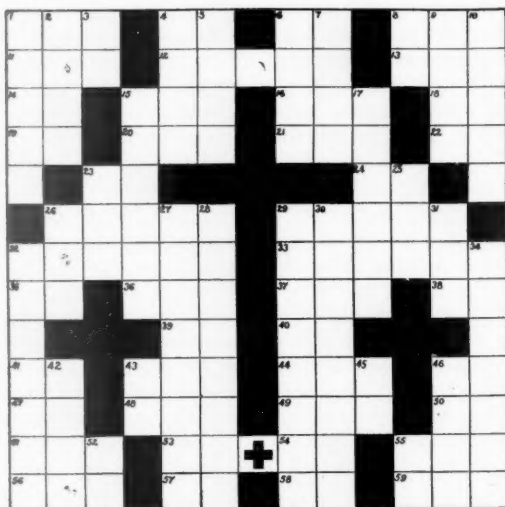
Now dear Father Stephen, here is praying that the \$136. will do much good in China. If you don't mind, Father, will you let Father Raphael Vance have the money for his missions. We like him so very much! Maybe sometime he might call one of his little mission churches after the patron saint of your little mission helper.—Rita Banks.

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Let's Cross Words

Solution of the January Cross-Word Puzzle:

C R U C I F I E D
E * S O * O R * A
L E E R * R E A M
E M * * * * U N
S I N G * T O G A
T R E E * R O U T
I S * N * U * R I
A * L I * S O * O
L E V I A T H A N



This puzzle has been contributed by the well-known A. P. A., Mr. John M. Bartiste.

ACROSS

1. Insane.
4. Twelfth letter of alphabet.
6. Manuscript (abbr.)
8. Answer to first question in Catechism.
11. 2nd Per. Sing. Pres. Ind. of verb "to be."
12. Language of priest at Mass.
13. Raw Metal.
14. Religion of the Pope (abbr.)
15. Beg.
16. Short sleep.
18. Nickname for a prominent Governor.
19. An expression common to the deaf.
20. Conference of Electrical Engineers (Abbr.)

21. One's self.
22. A State in America (abbr.)
23. Ocean (abbr.)
24. One Canonized by Church (Abbr.)
26. To take an oath.
29. A stage player.
32. An altar light.
33. Speaking to God or the Saints.
35. Near.
36. El Paso Times (Abbr.)
37. A good friend.
38. Post Office (Abbr.)
39. Exclamation.
40. Unit of printer's measure.
41. Six.
43. Eastern Broadcasting Station.
44. Mimic.
46. A college degree (Abbr.)

47. In the year of our Lord (Abbr.)
48. Last.
49. First name of a famous sleeper.
50. An article.
51. River (Spanish).
53. Point on the compass.
54. Letter of the alphabet.
55. Well known talking machine (Abbr.)
56. Not I.
57. Late King of England (Abbr.)
58. Deo Gratias (Abbr.)
59. What Eve did to the apple.

6. Where minerals come from.
7. Hidden obstacle.
8. Leave.
9. By word of mouth.
10. To put off—postpone.
15. To agree.
17. Mailing card.
23. Possess.
25. A child's plaything.
26. Rested.
27. King of Spain.
28. Held back.
29. Seemed.
30. Crowding.
31. Republican (Abbr.)
32. Where Christ died.
34. A very imaginative novel.
42. Trademark (Greek)
43. You and I.
45. Epistle (Abbr.)
46. Used to catch fish.
52. 4th and 5th of the five vowels.
55. Southern State (Abbr.)

DOWN

1. Female Horses.
2. Archway.
3. Delirium tremens (abbr.)
4. Otherwise.
5. Body of water larger than a pond.

YOUR VOCABULARY

INSECTIVOROUS—Feeding upon insects. Example: The chickadee often devours more than 450 eggs of plant lice in a single day. It also eats at least twenty cankerworms a day during the season when these insects are active. (Attention, ye nest-robbers!)

SARCASM—A taunting expression. Example: Garage man in the repair department to owner of Ford car, "That's a fine horn you have, if you just had a new car built under it."

PALINDROME—A sentence that reads the same whether the letters are read forward or backward. Example: "Madam, I'm Adam," or the familiar one of Napoleon, "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

CONSANGUINITY — Blood-relationship. "Are you related to Thomas Dooley?" the witness was asked. "Very distantly," he replied. "I was me mother's first child—Thomas was the tinth."

GET BUSY!

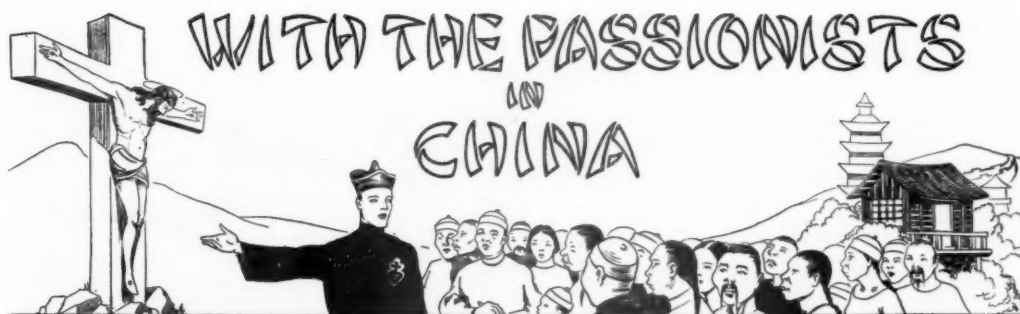
My Dear Juniors:

Did you read Rita Bank's letter? Pretty good, wasn't it? Of course, I don't expect all of you to do as well as she did; but you can do something. We are anxious that every reader of **THE SIGN** will give 14 cents to the orphanage to be built in Shenchowfu. The sum is so small that even our Juniors can give it. If you send me seven two-cent stamps I'll be delighted.

DADDY SEN FU

THE SIGN

WEST HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY



WITH THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

Two Letters Describing the Hold-Up Gemma's League

The Hold-Up

By FATHER MATTHIAS MAYOU, C. P.

THANKS to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Mother, to Blessed Therese and to our own St. Michael, I am alive to write you once more. We have gone through the Great Adventure and I hope there is to be only one such.

We had crept up to within 150 miles of our goal, the central mission at Shenchowfu. It is 600 miles from Hankow. Everybody warned us not to go ahead. We had left the last point where there were telegraph wires. As a consequence, a telegram to our Augustinian companion, Father Leopold, from his Superior ordering him to return, did not reach him. Late in the afternoon of December 1, Fathers Dominic and Leopold and I held a final council of war.

Four American Protestants had come up.

Quite unaware of conditions, they were full of confidence. The day before we had told them that we would proceed. While on the way we discovered that we had no money, so Father Dominic delayed our progress until he returned from a nearby town with \$100. It seemed prudent to me to have something in our possession should we encounter the bandits. Three of them, subsequently recognized by our boys, had been on our trail for days.

A small fleet of Chinese boats hovered near, our "boys" suddenly developed into the pro-

their crews fearful to venture forward. They were waiting for us to move. It was impossible for us to get soldiers. The guileless General here offered us two unarmed men, assuring us that they with his passport would suffice. I previously reported that our friend, the General farther down the river, warned us against going.

The upshot was that the chiefs of the robbers who were strung along a distance of thirty miles—we were to have one more night before reaching the line—came down further to meet us. The Protestant party first fell into the trap set for us. They saw five of a rival gang killed, the latter having also banked on getting us. The survivors were robbed and kept under the guns of the others until the scouts signalled our arrival.

The district is exactly like the upper Hudson: mountains on both sides of a narrow river. Thirty of the band were on hand to meet us, armed with Colt revolvers. Please God, I shall be at leisure some day to set down all the details of what happened so suddenly.

Only two of the Sisters were on the tiny deck when we halted. The boat was being dragged by the coolies. I told Sister Finan that she had better call the others. The bandits would not face us squarely, but strutted backward within a short space. Their ultimatum was \$3,000. or one of us would go to the mountains. One of

THE letters from Fathers Matthias Mayou and Basil Bauer give us a vivid picture of the recent hold-up of our Missionary Priests and Sisters in China. One cannot but admire the calm courage of the Sisters in such a trying situation. Father Leopold's generous offer of himself as victim in place of Father Matthias is typical of the spirit of self-sacrifice which characterizes our Missionaries in China. To assist these noble souls in their arduous and holy enterprise should be regarded as an honor and a privilege.—EDITORS

ARE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS "LISTENING IN" TO CHINA'S CLEAR APPEAL?



FORE DECK OF THE "KWADZA" ON WHICH THE HOLD-UP TOOK PLACE. THE SISTERS OF CHARITY FROM CONVENT, N. J., AND VERY REV. MATTHIAS MAYOU, C. P.

portions of a hero. Myself did not seek the role of one such, but the truth is I was to be the victim. I knew two awful moments. One, when the determination was reached that if they killed one of us they would get somewhere. The other, when one of them, six feet away, calmly raised his Colt and took deliberate aim at me. Another fellow pulled at his arm and said, "Wait." My looks said what my words failed to convey, "Don't shoot!" The next instant I had intended to ask Father Leopold to give me absolution. I was convinced that my last hour had come. The Sisters were repeating ejaculations aloud, such as one hears at a deathbed. The setting was perfect. Sister Finan's eyes were red. All the Sisters continued saying the rosary and ejaculations during nearly two mortal hours.

The fact is our coolness angered them, so they told our go-between. We had told them we had only \$100. so they took to ransacking our boat. Finding no more, they returned and announced that one of us had to go for ransom. Thereupon the chief walked up and laid his hands on me. They had noticed Fathers Dominic and Leopold conversing in Chinese and concluded that I was the foreigner, just come over. Father Leopold generously interposed declaring, "No! He cannot speak the language nor stand the food. I can. Take me!" There was another moment of horror. One of them with a boy who was inside looting accidentally discharged his revolver. Those on the outside with us thought he was ambuscaded. After a moment's hesitation one of them

entered to see what happened and prepared to shoot. From then on our prayers seemed to be heard. Father Dominic whispered to me to offer a novena of Masses for the Poor Souls if none of us had to go for ransom.

They decided to make a complete loot of the boat and of our persons. Thanks be to God, through the talk of the boy, they were very careful about the Sisters. They were satisfied with their turning their pockets out, and thus they escaped with their watches. They went over us most carefully,—me twice. I saved my relics.

The chief came down from his hiding place and called off his men. They embarked in a small boat and left us. After they had gone, the poor villagers, whose quarters they had commandeered, told us they had taken five to the mountains. Darkness was then coming on and, because of the rapids, it was rash to descend. We returned to a small settlement and we priests spent a night of terrible suspense in the shadow of the mountains.

Two fellows came with offers of safe passage, we to pay them at Shenchowfu. We told them that we would hold off decision until the morrow. They were probably decoys from the bandits above who wanted a chance at us. The fact is there is no militia and there were thirty miles of bandit district. We are returning, thankful that the chiefs got us and that we were spared the rabble. These would have stopped at nothing. I had dreaded a trip of twenty-one days in

ARE YOU KEEPING THAT NEW YEAR RESOLUTION FOR CHINESE MISSIONS?

WILL FEBRUARY 14TH RECORD YOUR VALENTINE FOR SOME CHINESE BABY?

Chinese boats, but when we get back to Hankow it will have been twice that since we began our fruitless effort to reach Shenchowfu.

We have done all that mortal can do and it is time to put the Sisters in safety. I wanted to remain here in Changteh with the hope that something might turn up and that I could slip up alone. But the Fathers here say it is madness. And the truth is, my feet are wobbling under me, along with continuous cold and sinus trouble and my stomach rebelling. So I propose to wait the limit in Hankow.

The Sisters are well. They were as brave as could be, not a whit daunted. Their one regret is that they have to return to Hankow. We will rent quarters in the foreign concessions there until this passes over. At present it appears to be a question of months.

Further Details

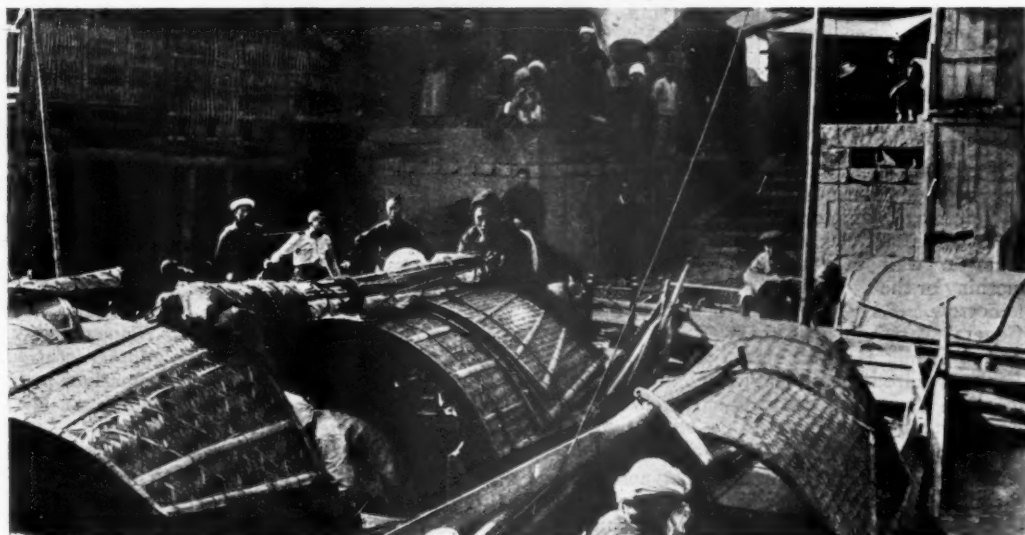
By FATHER BASIL BAUER, C. P.

THE Sisters of Charity during their stay at Changteh enjoyed warm and generous hospitality from the relatives of Father Matthias Chang. These good people gave the best quarters in their home to the Sisters and moved to another part of the enclosure themselves. It was a typical Chinese residence, without light save what came through the large square hole near the centre of the roof of the entire building. Changteh had nothing better to offer its distinguished visitors from America.

The Sisters remained here until November 22. They had only two small rooms for their use. These served as chapel, dining room and bedroom. The Augustinian Fathers and the Chinese Christians vied with one another in showing every kindness to the Sisters. It was especially touching to notice the reverence and devotion of the Chang family. The heroic spirit and happy disposition of the Sisters easily won all hearts.

One of the principal Generals of the Province, Tang Tse Mu, came to Changteh about this time. The Fathers promptly visited him and asked for an escort of soldiers to protect them from bandits further up in the country. The General was a cold, deliberating character. Finally he showed some kindly feeling, and gave the Fathers his passports and two soldiers without arms, as he declared there was really very little danger along the way. With such protection, the party left Changteh early on Sunday morning and, helped by a favorable breeze, traveled thirty miles, reaching Tao Yuan that night.

The Sisters had to spend a whole week from November 23 to 30, at Tao Yuan. Negotiations were constantly going on between the Fathers and the military authorities for an escort of soldiers to go through the bandit territory. On Saturday evening, Mr. Rupp, a field secretary of the Reformed Church, his wife, a friend named Mr. Wheitner, and a Miss Meyers of the Protestant Mission at Yochow, arrived at Tao Yuan on their way to Shenchowfu. Now that they had a larger party, it was decided to go ahead. The new-



THIS IS THE LUXURIOUS BOAT IN WHICH THE SISTERS SPENT EIGHT HOURS AFTER THE HOLD-UP

LENT BEGINS THIS MONTH. WILL I NOT SACRIFICE SOMETHING FOR CHINA?

comers had word from their mission that it was safe to continue the trip.

Accordingly on Sunday morning, the boatmen, very much discontented on account of the forced delay, were pleased to break away from the moorings at Tao Yuan and set sail for the journey up river. The boats had gone well for half a day when one of the teachers of the Protestant Mission at Shenchowfu brought them word that it was unsafe as they were and that the bandit district could not be passed without a large guard of soldiers. Just at this time General Shun Ke Wu, recently defeated at Sechwan, happened to be passing down the river. This personage is largely responsible for the present state of affairs in Hunan. A party went over to his boat to ask him for a guard, but they were informed that the General was sleeping and could not by any means be seen.

Father Dominic, with the Catechist Augustine, and the teacher from the Protestant Mission at Shenchow, took a small boat and returned to Tao Yuan to meet the General. Like the rest of his kind, the General played them off with nice words and nicer etiquette, referring to this one or that one, and urging them to wait till the morning or the day after tomorrow. As night came on, they knew the General would not give them military protection; and so Father Dominic sent a telegram to Father Paul to secure if possible a detachment of soldiers to come down and escort them to Shenchowfu. Early the next morning, they started to rejoin the other boats now a full day ahead of them.

They reached the other boats at noon. After a council about the advisability of going further, —among those against it was the Catechist, near whose station our boat was docked—it was de-

cided to move as far as Shin Lung Kai, only a day's journey and three days from Shenchowfu. This town was considered to be outside of the bandit territory. The Protestant Mission boats had reached that place safely, and there was some hope of getting soldiers there to go with them for the rest of the way. As they had traveled so far, most of the party were reluctant to turn back. The next morning, December 2, the boatmen mutinied in a serious and uproarious fashion against the captain. By offering gifts to them they agreed to settle the matter at once and to make another start up the river.

THE HOLD-UP

December 2nd was a beautiful day. There was plenty of sunshine and it was agreeably warm. As the boats advanced, the scenery became more and more charming. In fact they were approaching the confines of the Augustinian Missions and the beginning of the territory in charge of the Passionists. The first boat, being smaller and lighter, was a considerable distance ahead of the others. It was occupied by Father Dominic's boy, Joseph, and Augustine one of the Catechists, and Ho, the cook from Shenchowfu, Father Paul's boy, Vincent, and the doctor of



SOME FRIENDS

'Baldy' is Ho, the cook of the Shenchowfu Mission. At his right is the boy Joseph, the hero of the hold-up. In the centre is Augustine the Catechist. Behind Ho is Pio. At Augustine's left is Vincent, Father Paul's cook. Between them is Paul. At the stove in the foreground is the boat's cook.

the Protestant Mission at Shenchowfu. The Sisters called the boat *The Little Flower*, and the boat they were in *Holy Mary, Mother of God*. Missionaries and Sisters placed themselves under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Blessed Teresa of the Child Jesus.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the boats stopped at a little town to give the men a rest and to buy some large bamboo cables necessary to pull the boats through the longer and more dangerous rapids to be met still further up the



FATHER MATTHIAS MAYOU, C. P., AND FATHER MATTHIAS CHANG, A NATIVE PRIEST

river. At a bend in the river, just as Shin Lung Kai was coming into view, the Protestant Mission boat and "The Little Flower" were seen tied to a "Maupai," or raft of logs, near the entrance to a gully leading up to the hills. The boys were talking to men on the raft. On coming nearer, it was noticed the men were all dressed as Chinamen but in a rather strange fashion. One was in short trousers, short coat, and wore a fedora hat; another had the long "eefu" of a Chinese gentleman; and several were dressed more stylishly in foreign dress. Each of them had a revolver. They ordered the boat to draw up to the raft. The Fathers knew now they were in the hands of the murderous bandits.

By this time Fathers Dominic, Matthias and Edmund were out on the deck and were followed by two of the Sisters. As soon as they were within speaking distance, the parley for money began. They demanded three thousand dollars or threatened to take one of the party to the mountains. Fortunately the priests had been warned by the Catechist not to speak a word directly to the robbers, but to transact everything through the boys. In this way Father Dominic replied that it was impossible to give them three thousand dollars as there was less than a hundred dollars in the boats. Father Dominic's boy Joseph made the situation more difficult by having already told the bandits there was about two hundred dollars on the boats.

Things were going on in this way when one of the ruffians jumped on board the boat and

with gun in hand went back with Father Dominic to the cabin to get the money. Another bandit followed them. He noticed Father Dominic's watch and pointing his gun at it demanded him to give it over. He got it. He claimed his hundred dollars, but had to be satisfied with what he found. He then asked for thirty dollars on the side, but there was no more to be seen. He warned Father Dominic not to tell the other bandits that he had received the money.

FATHER LEOPOLD'S OFFER

Whilst Father Dominic, his boy Joseph, and the leader of the bandits were in the cabin, the rest of the crowd on the raft became more and more restless. The affair was not going fast enough for them. Some of them came on the boat and began to rifle the baggage. Bags were emptied, boxes were opened, and clothes thrown about everywhere. One of the bandits, more fierce and daring than the rest, pointed his revolver into the face of Father Matthias, saying: "This is the one. We will take this one to the mountains." Father Matthias said he thought his last moment had come. They roughly took hold of him and would have dragged him off the boat only for the timely interference of Father Leopold, the Augustinian. Father Leopold spoke up to the bandits. "This man is a stranger," he said, "and does not understand Chinese. If you must take one, I will go with you in his place."



A WHARF AT TAO YUAN

This is known as Beach Grove. In the muddy water the natives wash clothes, rice, meat, cabbage, etc. The same water is used for making tea and cooking.

CAN YOU GIVE A FIVE DOLLAR BILL? IT WILL RESCUE ANOTHER BABY.

As this dispute about making Father Matthias their prisoner was in progress, the leader of the bandits and Father Dominic came out of the cabin with all the money and loot that could be found. The other bandits refused to be satisfied and insisted that one of the party must be taken for ransom. During all this time, which lasted for over an hour, the Sisters displayed wonderful courage. They remained calmly and bravely on deck watching the whole performance. One of the robbers searched each of them for money or articles of value. Luckily Joseph told the robbers that the Sisters had only one pocket in their dress, and so they were satisfied when that pocket was turned inside out and the contents emptied into their hands. Each thing was examined carefully, and the boys argued with them for everything, getting back many of their little possessions.

Many a ruse was used to attempt to hold on to things. The bandits accepted Joseph's story about the Sisters having only one pocket in the skirt of their dress. They never once noticed the crucifixes plainly visible, and though the Sisters had watchguards around their necks, the robbers evidently did not see them. A field glass was taken by one of the bandits, but when Joseph told him it was only a little child's toy the bandit gave it back to him. Three times the boat was sacked for money or articles of value. Father Dominic's boy, Joseph, showed great coolness and wonderful devotion to the Fathers and the Sisters. When the bandits were alone with the boys in the cabin, Joseph, at the risk of his life, secretly put the Chalice and Paten into his pocket. The altar crucifix got a bad wrench from one of the bandits who wanted to see if it were gold or wood. During the raid, a pistol of one of the bandits accidentally went off in the cabin. The leader, who was outside at the moment, turned white with fear. He marched up and down the boat desperately, thinking perhaps that one of his own men had received what he deserved.

DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL

It was now getting dark, and some boats were seen coming down the river. As one of the boats approaching was crowded with soldiers, the signals were given to the bandits from the hills. An entirely new bandit leader suddenly appeared and assured us nothing would be taken from the boats but money. The fiends made a show of giving back the lanterns and articles of clothing and then fled as quickly as possible. It was found out later that those same men had killed five others that day in a dispute as to which crowd should capture our boats when they came up the river. The Protestant Mission boat was robbed, even more than our boats, at a rather large town called Shin Lung Kai.

Shin Lung Kai was not far away. It was, however, unsafe to go further. It was more prudent to follow the boat with soldiers and a flag. Accordingly, the party set sail down the river and when it became late and dark, they put in for the night at the little town where they had bought the bamboo cables. The two soldiers who had been given us by the General as Changteh showed themselves very kind and helpful. They went over to what was supposed to be the soldiers' boat only to find that the flag had been taken down and no one was to be seen except two strange individuals who pretended to be secretaries of General Tang Tse Mu.

Early the next morning the Fathers and the Sisters continued the trip back to Tao Yuan and Changteh. Disappointment at not being able to reach Shenchowfu was evident, but it would be rashness to venture the trip again. Mr. Rupp and his party caught up to them on the return journey as they had also decided it was unsafe to go to Shenchowfu. That evening all gathered together in the large cabin of the Sisters' boat and recounted experiences of the previous day. There were mutual expressions of sympathy and encouragement. The Protestant boat was most anxious to send warning, but were kept under such strict guard and it was impossible to send word. The bandits had kept watch on the traveling from Changteh, and were waiting for the Sisters' boat.

December 5 saw the Sisters back in Changteh. As there was no convenient lodging for a five or six months stay, it was thought better to return to Hankow. Most of the luggage, which escaped the bandits, was left at Changteh. It would be impossible to take it back to Hankow as the river was getting lower day by day. From Changteh the Fathers and the Sisters had to take a smaller boat, and they continued the journey from three in the afternoon till ten o'clock that night. Whether it was the devil's doings, or merely accidental, there was only one rower in the boat. The other man had disappeared. But the Sisters with their wonderful trust in God and His Blessed Mother Mary kept up a joyful spirit. As they rowed along in the bright moonlight, although it was quite cool and lonely, the soft sweet tones of familiar hymns and old home songs like Killarney, mingled with the splash of the oars and the ripple of the waters against the shore.

RENEWAL OF VOWS

Monday morning, December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, still found the party in the old scow on the way back to Hankow. Every day during the entire journey the Sisters had at least two Masses on board the boats and were able to receive Holy Communion. Today in that

DID YOU SEND THAT FOURTEEN CENTS FOR OUR LADY'S ORPHANAGE?

dingy little cabin the Sisters assisted at the Holy Sacrifice in honor of the Immaculate Conception and renewed their vows as they had done in America. How strange are God's ways! What deeper meaning the vows had that morning! What a generous willingness to give Him everything till death! If only Convent, N. J., could have seen its brave daughters offer themselves in sacrifice that morning, how great would have been its encouragement and its joy!

However pleasing the event was to God, to His Blessed Mother, and to the Sisters themselves, it was far from being so to the evil spirits. They were going to have revenge. Another adverse circumstance was to befall them before they could reach Hankow. Soon after Mass on Tuesday morning December 9, an awful wind and sand storm blew up the valley and caused the boats to be furiously dashed about by the waves. They were still ten miles from Hankow, and it was impossible to move ahead. For a while they sought shelter by hugging the shore, and when even this position became dangerous everyone had to leave the boat and keep walking up and down the banks of the river to keep warm. Some Chinese boys offered hot tea to the Sisters and they were glad to take it to keep from freezing. The boys did what they could to make the Sisters as comfortable as possible.

ON THE WAY TO HANKOW

As the storm kept blowing and there was no sign of it abating that day, the Fathers and the Sisters started a five mile walk to Hanyang where they might get rickshaws and then cross the ferry to Hankow. The good Sisters seemed pleased to get an opportunity to walk and accordingly the whole party started off at a brisk pace for Han Yang. In passing through one little town they came upon a side show in a public square. Some fifty or more youngsters formed the principal part of the audience. As soon as the boys and girls caught sight of the Fathers and the Sisters, they left the show and followed them for more than a mile, hooting, yelling, and laughing at them. If the devil started this outcry, he was surely beaten at his own game. The children seeing the calmness, patience and kindly smiles of the Sisters,

turned from jeering to reverence, and after running up to take their hands or to look trustfully once more at the Sisters, they all ran back gleefully to the side show.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Fathers and the Sisters were back once more at the Passionist Procuration in Hankow. Glad once more to have a good roof over their heads, they soon settled down to make the best of it. Their many friends in Hankow soon come to their aid. The Sisters of the Canossian Institute would have gladly welcomed them to their convent or they might have stopped with the Loretto Community at Han Yang. It was deemed best, however, to let the Sisters enjoy the apartments assigned to the Passionist Procuration, and the Fathers immediately removed to the residence of the pastor and to the Franciscan Fathers' Convent.

The Sisters have five or six rooms, besides a small chapel. It is well situated in the French Concession. They will probably have to remain here five or six months before they can make another attempt to reach their own Convent of the Little Flower at Shenchowfu. Morning and afternoon will be spent in the study of the Chinese language, and the Sisters will have much better opportunities here of learning the customs of the people. When they are able to go to Shenchowfu, they will be well prepared for their great work. Father Dominic says they have already gone through the worst experiences of missionaries in China. All are in good health and happy in the thought that they were so well protected by God, His Blessed Mother and Little Teresa of the Child Jesus.

Gemma's League

During December the following prayers and good works were offered for the Missions and Missionary Priests and Sisters in China.

Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	16	Offerings of the	
Masses heard	18,183	Precious Blood	474,080
Holy Communion	14,146	Visits to Our Lady	18,963
Visits to Blessed		Beats of Seven Dolors	4,220
Sacrament	65,324	Ejaculatory Prayers	7,270,750
Spiritual Communions	1,183,919	Hours of Study	32,799
Benediction Services	6,347	Hours of Labor	31,277
Sacrifices, Sufferings	341,588	Acts of Kindness,	
Stations of the Cross	60,027	Charity	60,026
Visits to Crucifix	111,139	Acts of Zeal	36,966
Beats of Five Wounds	3,033	Prayers	952,326
Rosaries	18,390	Various Good Works	368,114

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

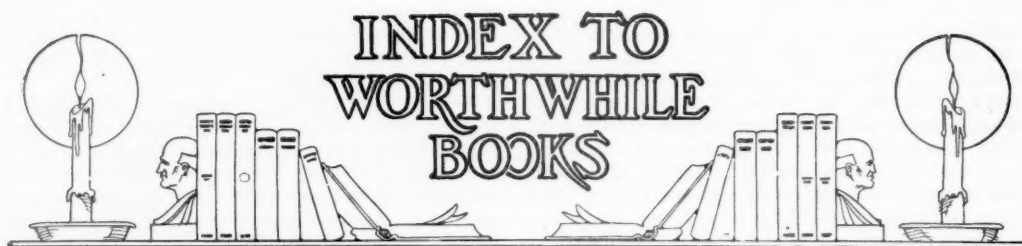
KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.
REV. EDWARD HANLEY,
SISTER M. MARTIN
PATRICK KELLY
MRS. ANNE BRENNAN,
EUGENE EARLE

RICHARD EGGLETON
MARY CARROLL,
MARY KEENAN
WILLIAM DAUGHERTY
PATRICK CLIFFORD
MRS. MARIE ROCHE
RYAN
PATRICK J. KELLY
JOS. CIMINO
LUIGI SCARAMUZZI
MRS. J. OTT
JOHN J. LAVIN
JAMES CORBETT

ANNIE P. TUNNEY
ANNA BURKE
MRS. CASEY
MRS. B. BURNELL
MR. W. G. SMITH
JAMES S. MARTIN
JOHN LAVIN
DANIEL O'BRIEN
MARY MAHONEY
MR. JOHN J. MOORE
MRS. HOAF
THOMAS GALVIN
MRS. ELIZ. MANGAN

HENRY A. O'BRIEN
EMMA LONGO
MISS E. MCGINNIS
MARY MALCOLM
JOHN TWOHEY
WILLIAM TURNER

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE HYMNS OF THE BREVIARY AND MISSAL. Edited by Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$3.00.

Very likely some of our readers are already familiar with this scholarly work. So popular has it proved that, although it could be procured only in a de luxe edition at \$6.00, it sold rapidly; and so insistent has been the demand that this revised edition is presented to the public in a popular-priced binding.

The book is, on the Editor's word, an introductory work on the hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal. All the hymns of the Breviary, the five sequences of the Missal, and other hymns are included in this volume.

It is not simply a compilation of translations; it is a treasure-house of hymnodic lore. There is a brief outline of the history of Latin hymnody, a short discussion on the various metres employed in the Breviary and Missal, and an explanation of the canonical hours. Moreover to each hymn there is added a note giving the author of the hymn, the metre in which it is written, the number of translations and their translators, and its fitness to the canonical hour or feast to which it is assigned.

The task so lovingly undertaken and so elegantly wrought by Father Britt is of much practical utility to poets and music lovers everywhere. If any of our readers have been thus anointed by the Muses, let him retire into solitude with this book.—F. X. M.

THE NEW MISSAL FOR EVERY DAY. By Father Lasance. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$2.75 up.

Do Catholics really enjoy going to Mass? Or are they driven thereto by the lash of the Church's displeasure and the fear of mortal sin? If they derive no joy from attendance at this divine Sacrifice, may it not be that they do not assist in the proper manner?

Bishop Riddell of Northampton in his introduction to the "Prayers for Holy Communion from the Sarum Missal" states: "Of the many ways of assisting at Mass, the best way is that in which each person, by saying the words of the Missal more closely, allies and associates himself with the priest who is celebrating. To identify one's self thus with him is to unite with our divine Lord Himself, Who is there and then acting as the Priest according to the order of Melchisedech. When the faithful thus act with the celebrant, and with the High Priest, Jesus Christ, then, indeed, is it true that they are, as St. Peter says, a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. If so, what a pity it is so few make use of the Missal! All books of devotion are good at Mass; it is quite right to say the rosary at Mass; but the Missal is preferable, being pre-eminently the product of the mind and heart of the Church, filled and expressed with reverence and love for the divine Victim, Who day by day, in every part of the world, sacrifices Himself again for the

glory of His Father, and for the salvation of souls. It is pre-eminently the Book for Mass, as its name implies and nothing can exceed the beauty of the Collects and other prayers."

Realizing this, Fr. Lasance, than whom there was none more fitted for the task, undertook to bring within reach of all the faithful the beauties and riches of the Roman missal. Hitherto this mighty power, this inexhaustible well of spiritual riches has been more or less unattainable by the average layman. But now no excuse can be offered to justify inattention at Mass or ignorance of the venerable ceremonies.

Do you agree with Father Baker who, preaching on the Mass, exclaims: "Oh, what a gift is the Holy Mass! How full an utterance has humanity found therein for all its woes, its aspirations, its hopes, its affections! How completely is the distance bridged over that separated the creature and the Creator! The Mass supplies the want of the human soul for an adequate mode of approaching God. As a creature before its Creator, you are oppressed with your own inability to worship Him worthily. Do you want a better worship than that which His eternal Son offers? In the Mass the Son of God in His human nature worships the Father for us. He prays for us; asks pardon for us; give thanks for us; adores for us... The Mass a formalism! The Mass an unmeaning service! Why, it is the most beautiful, the most spiritual, the most sublime, the most satisfying worship which the heart of man can even conceive."

If you do not believe this, if you do not appreciate the grandeur and the beauty of the Mass you need The New Missal for Every Day. If with attention and prayer you follow the Mass as outlined and explained in this book, inevitably your love for the Holy Sacrifice will grow daily into a desire to be present at this august act of worship as frequently as your state permits.—N. Mc.

THE CONQUEST OF HEAVEN. By Frederick Pouvier, S. J. Translated from the French by Sister Frances of the Sacred Heart, and Lawrence Drummond. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md. Price: \$1.00.

The introduction to this volume is a letter of high commendation written to the author by Cardinal Merry Del Val. The book itself treats of perfect love of God and perfect contrition for sin. It is divided into three parts. The first explains the nature of perfect charity and contrition. The second explains away the difficulties and objections to the acquisition of the perfect love of God and unselfish sorrow for having sinned against Him. The third part suggests some practical ways and means of cultivating perfect love and contrition. We recommend this book to those devout souls—and there are many of them—who are scrupulous and needlessly worried, who take low views of the goodness of God and, consequently, lack confidence in Him.—N. M. L.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors of our Missionaries and their Missions. Please help to make the list grow bigger. Holy Scripture says: "If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even to bestow willingly a little." (Tobias 4/9.)

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"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling." (3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more Chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDOUBTEDLY, some of our Readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memorial in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity	\$195.00
Sacred Heart.....	\$307.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$204.00
St. Michael.....	\$160.00
St. Joseph.....	\$192.00
St. Patrick.....	\$151.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$155.00
St. Gabriel.....	\$169.00
Little Flower.....	\$205.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$10,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$1,378.66

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of **THE SIGN**
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

PLEASE GIVE NOW! THE MISSIONARIES' NEEDS ARE PRESSING.

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss.

A MITE BOX WILL HOLD ANY KIND OF MONEY. WHEN IT IS FILLED, BREAK IT OPEN AND SEND US THE CONTENTS IN CHECK OR MONEY-ORDER OR CASH.

This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want, —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank
Mite Box

Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name:

Address:

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF
Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.
At Close of Business, December 31, 1923

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds.....	\$1,733,301.86
Mortgages	1,183,263.25
Loans, (Demand and Time).....	294,900.00
Bills Purchased.....	957,676.47
Banking House.....	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1.00
Cash on Hand	161,971.78
Due from Banks.....	137,360.82
Accrued Interest.....	30,333.01
	<hr/> \$4,584,049.41

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits	153,776.76
Deposits	4,130,272.65
	<hr/> \$4,584,049.41

Trust Funds are kept separate from the
assets of the Company

A
Banking
House
of Merit

OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPLESSNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

OUR representative has called at
the Brunswick Laundry, 220
Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City,
N. J., and made a thorough inspection
of the Largest Laundry in America. He
was astonished to find cleanliness and
sanitation brought to perfection, he has
found over 600 Employees, cheerful,
healthy and satisfied with their jobs,
their pay and their employers. Patrons
are always invited to visit this large
plant and see for themselves the process
of washing and ironing. The Brun-
swick Laundry's policy has always been
fair play to all employees and custom-
ers. We gladly recommend this firm
to our readers.

"THE LIFE OF CHRIST"
IN TEXT AND PICTURES

Text By
REV. HERBERT McDEVITT, C. P.

Picture from plastic models by
DOMENICO MASTROIENNI

We venture to say that this is the most beau-
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85 full page pictures printed by the rubber off-set
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when you get the book.

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THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey

That Fourteen Cents

THIS year, 1925, is an exceptional year. It is the Holy Year. It is a time when extraordinary opportunities for acquiring spiritual riches are granted to pilgrims to Rome and to others who are unavoidably prevented from going there.

SURELY the Holy Year should wake up us Catholics to the marvellous spiritual treasure at our command. It should also forcibly remind us of our obligation not only to prize this treasure for ourselves, but also to share it with others.

IN the city of Shenchowfu, China, a colony of Passionists Fathers are anxious to undertake the erection of Our Lady's Orphanage which will be in charge of our missionary Sisters of Charity.

OUR LADY'S ORPHANAGE will be the means of saving the lives of thousands of poor, neglected and abandoned children. It will also be the means of saving their immortal souls.

BY contributing to the erection of the Orphanage you are very effectively distributing the riches of your Catholic Faith; you are giving to others who are poorer than you in material goods and infinitely poorer than you in spiritual goods.

IT is the ambition of our missionary Priests and Sisters to start the Orphanage at once. But so many other pressing needs are demanding their limited means that they do not want to start the building until they have on hand the cash to pay for it. They are counting on you.

NOW about THAT FOURTEEN CENTS: In our December issue we stated that if every subscriber contributed the very small sum of 14 cents we should have the necessary \$10,000.—the cost of the Orphanage. Quite a number of subscribers have answered that appeal. The vast majority, however, are still to be heard from. *Am I one of the vast majority?*

A FEW questions for Me: Did I give anything to Our Lady's Orphanage? Will I give anything? Will I give at least the fourteen cents? When will I give it? Will I give it now before I forget about it? Will I help to make this a Holy Year for the children of Shenchowfu as well as for myself? One answer for ME: I will.

Please send your donation to:
THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of THE SIGN
West Hoboken New Jersey

